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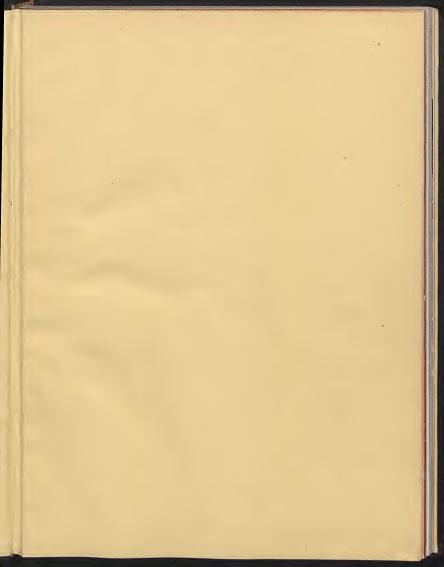


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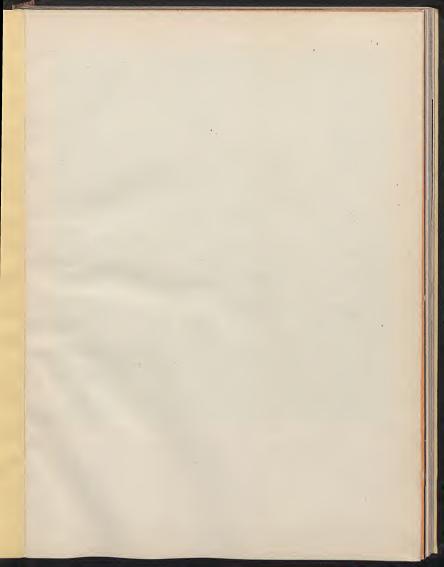


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OCTOBER 1950 Volume LXVI No. 1

The Student

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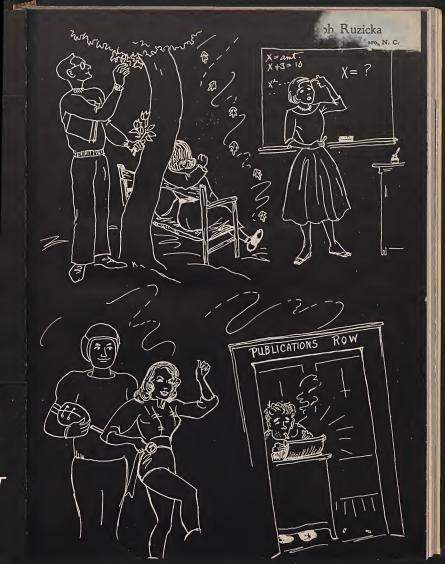
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IN

TOWN

With An Eye For Talent



CREDEANE, Rockingham sencior, contributed the humorous essay, "I Was An Import," which appears on page 10. We use the word "contributed" in its loosest sense, since we all but threatened her life to get it. Cree attributes this stubornness to the fact that a copy of the mag might reach her "importers," the results of which might prove fatal. We're



glad however, that Cree finally gave in, because hers is a story which should appeal to all those No. 1

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of Winston-Salem, N. C.

Extends a cordial invitation to Wake Forest College, Students, Faculty, and its host of friends, to visit our newly remodeled store.

Completely air-conditioned throughout now for your shopping pleasure. And presenting the Finest in Q u a lity Merchandise throughout the store. It's the best place to shop after all. We welcome you most heartily.

who have shared such an experience, and should warn those of us who might be tempted to experience it in the future.



We hope we'll be printing more of this gal Cree's sparking wit in future issues. That is, if she can find time for further journalistic endeavors between throwing parties in behalf of the Social Standards Committee, and slaving away on reports for Dr. Folk's modern novel class.

CARL MEIGS, a junior who hails from Badin, is the author of "To Hoe The Corn,"

a short story depicting a farm



boy's reactions on returning home from college. Carl the (Continued on page twenty-one)



Fashions to identify
the Smart Girl
whether she majors in
classics or romance

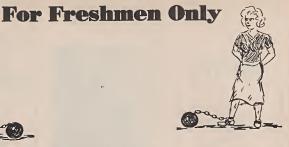
College Clothes Second Floor

College Shoes Main Floor

MONTALDO'S

Winston-Salem, N. C.





The following rules which are great importance to all freshmen, were drawn up by a committee composed of representatives from the Monogram Club, the Social Standards Committee, the Y. W. A., the C. W. B. P. A., and the President's Club. These rules should be carelessly studied, as an examination on them will be given at noon on Thanksgiving Day. Freshmen flunking these tests will be given honorary degrees by the college.

- 1. All freshmen will carry no less than 24 hours of work their first semester. This will include 3 hrs. of Greek, 3 hrs. of Latin, 6 hrs. of English with emphasis on writing term papers and themes, 3 hrs. of Calculus, 3 hrs. of government, 2 hrs. of Sanskrit, and 4 hrs. of Bacteriology. The remainder of the 24 hours may be elective courses chosen by the student.
- 2. Freshmen will attend Chapel 6 days a week from 10 a.m. to 11 a.m. There will be no cuts, and anyone missing these services will be given the third degree by selected students from the Law School.
- 3. Freshmen students will attend all home games in mass, and will be assigned seats in the end zones. Freshmen may not attend out of town games. Those students who do not attend the home games will be

kicked out of school for a lack of school spirit.

- 4. All freshmen will live in dormitories especially designated for freshmen. Each student is expected to bring bed linen, blankets, towels, beds, chairs, desks, and a clothes chest. With the exception of these items, frosh dormitory rooms are completely furnished.
- 5. Freshmen students will be locked in their rooms each night between the hours of 7:30 and 10:30 p.m. by the housemother. These hours are to be spent in study. No radios are to be played during this time. Those who fail to comply with this rule will be made to stand in the corner for two hours.
- 6. Freshmen will at all times pay proper respect to upperclassmen. If this rule is broken the guilty party will be made to scrub the floor of the rotunda of Wait Hall with a tooth brush.
- 7. Identification badges are to be worn until second semester by all frosh. Those who break this regulation will be publicly horsewhipped and will be flunked by their professors.
- Freshmen may not loiter in the bookstore, downtown, or any other place. This privi-(Continued on page twenty-two)

RULES . . . GENERAL, SPECIFIC AND OTHERWISE

Dating: Freshmen aren't permitted to date.

Class Attendance: Frosh students are required to attend all classes at all times. No cuts will be given. Illness or death is not a legitimate excuse.

Holidays: There will be no holidays for freshmen. If you're willing to risk expulsion, you can sneak home for Christmas day.

Week-ends: All freshmen will remain on campus en all weekends. They may not go home except on holidays specified above.

Organizations: There are none at Wake Forest. This is to insure the complete absence of any subversive activities on the campus.

Probation: If a freshman gets on probation he might as well go home. This is just a nice word the administration uses to tell you that you are no longer wanted.

School Spirit: A test will be run to measure the amount of school spirit each freshman has. Anyone with a marked deficiency will have to attend makeup classes in same every Monday afternoon at 5:00 o'clock.

School songs and yells: All (Continued on page twenty-two)



EDITOR
Jewell Livingstone

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SKETCH

A POEM BARTH

- The crimson-skirl of a child with tear-washed cheeks, jerked and tugged from a dime-store, chided by its shapeless-plodding mother—
- The cavalcade of multitudes, their faces vacuously grim and wary-eyed, that sear into and brand the mind's eye and lose their individuality like sonorous echoes in the catacombs of sub-conscious awareness—
- The impudent, fretted blare of traffic, the golden-shriek of a policeman's whistle, the jocular shouts and whimsical chatter, the clip-clop of high-heels and rustle of skirts, and the spectral faces that hasten in review—
- O, city of gall and brine!
- The pawing and crowding-surge of brothers, like cattle to the slaughterhouse; the perpetual jostle and eternal bustle of hordes who vie against their neighbors, human beings all!
- And the sudden air-conditioned cold-wave from a department store, like a spangle of light through evening dust in October—
- The clamor, grind, squeal, roar, the sibilant grating, all lose their resonance and mingle in space like smoke with the unrecorded echoes of suffering and misery, pomp and grandeur—
- O, city, epitome of nakedness!
- The viscous taste-fumes of exhaust-oil, coal-smoke, sweat, gutter, garbage, cafes, and the snooping lope of a woe-eyed mongrel in search of the stench—
- And the accumulated spit-sweet odor of dazzle-baked sidewalks— Then the silver-glinted splatter of a squall that rushes suddenly and is cursed and eases away—
- And the languor of a Negro, copper-coated skin-glistened; his blood-brother, the amputee, upon a heat-slithering corner:

 One time-worn coin spent by a million corpses the price for a yellow pencil—
- O, hardened, ruthless city!

CH I N G

EM BARTHUR GORE

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The thief, shop-lifter, alcoholic, homosexual, derelict, rapist, and an imperceptibly-dying sun lending shadows to entranceways of marble, stone, and granite, masquerading them—

A gaudy laugh-

A blonde, cultured smile-

An American flag wilted about its staff-

The drugstore-boys with sensual eyes, flicking their cigarettes with sniggering airs and whispering obscenities behind a pair of firm legs—

And the wasted energy of a billion voiced thoughts in the maw of one day—

O, wretched city, breeder of infamy, womb-sanctuary of evil!

Then the wane of day:

Where is the squalor?

A breeze wisping against a burning forehead: To what land has the throng vanished?

The docile coo of a dove in a shadow-dappled park, and the twittering flight of a sparrow to a gutter—

Piety in the smile of a waitress-

And motes of opal splattered across the west-

Where is the clamor?

The homeward plodding of an old woman, shriveled and bent with age, time's travesty—

Emblazoned-fringed pink clouds-

Where is the moil, the shuffle?

Then prolonged darkness, translucent sky: The assassination of chaotic sound—

Peace.

O, city, you are the blessed host of dark!





TO HOE THE CORN

by Carl Meigs

H E was careful to close the the screen door without letting it rap shut. Even for farm people it was early. The boy, all legs and long bones in his faded levis and T-shirt, breathed in the green smell of the June morning. The blue-jays in the droopy-tall walnut

tree near the barnyard were screaming out with early morning vigor. He yawned and stretched out his scrawny pale arms skyward letting them flop loosely to his sides.

He peered up for a moment, the eager brown of his eyes searching the early-morning blue. He ran his hand through his short and careless hair; a grin of keen pleasure and contentment crept across his face that was pale with a strange indoor pallor. He dug his hands into the tight pockets of his levis and strode toward the barnyard.



I WAS AN IMPORT



O FTEN a merchant discovers that it lends a note of distinction to his wares if foreign merchandise is added. This process is not limited to the realm of business, for American colleges and universities are also aware of the lure of the unfamiliar. The freight hauled is known in collegiate circles as . . . "an import."

My first encounter began with a hastily dispatched note from a somewhat more than casual acquaintance at one of the neighboring seats of learning, beseeching my presence for a "huge week-end." Brushing aside all thoughts of forthcoming quizzes, biology bugs, and the premonition that I was a last minute resort, I began filing permission proceedings. After coping with this rather delicate situation, borrowing enough clothes, cutting enough classes, receiving the blessings, instructions, and envy of the entire dormitory . . . I was off.

The train dumped this bonny lass into the alien station, and some forty-five minutes later into the protection of my week-end benefactor. After a profound declamation on the merits of the bird watcher's society, he limply shook my hand and commented feebly on the weather. After this rousing welcome, we began our trek "a pied" (that

rather sloppy Sanskrit for "on foot") to my quarters.

As we trudged the few short miles, Laughing Boy outlined my schedule: dance, party, tour, party, game, party, dance, party, and so on went the vicious circle. There were one or two seconds on the agenda which granted permission for exhaling if one was industrious enough to seek them. Ah, but youth is strong!

A FTER the pilgrimage from the station, we arrived at the professor's cottage where I was to be bedded down. They were lovely people, both Dr. and Mrs., and after a short conversation in which I poured forth the penance that would be demanded Monday morning for my week-end of frivolity, they sympathetically offered to spend the week-end collecting my bugs for biology.

The Mrs. led me upstairs and in the course of the conversation on lights, water, meals, mice and men, she informed me that a few other girls would share my room.

The room was quite nice. Luxurious for one, comfortable for two, satisfactory for three . . . but when the aforementioned "few" infilterated, I paused to wonder if this was a bedroom or bedlam.

The crew soon began making drastic preparations for the forthcoming dance and pandemonium reigned. Such preparations could have been no more difficult if one had attempted them in a restraining sheet. One of my roommates was forced to brush her teeth over a waste basket . . . another was giving herself a Toni . . . and still others were doing push-ups, practicing football yells, and setting up ironing boards. And I? I was atop the clothes rack waiting for a possible win in the bath tub lottery. After using a few blocking tactics that any football squad would envy, I managed to throw on my clothes. Eventually we all trooped downstairs to the men folks . . . cum laude.

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Then we scratched out to the dance in a Lincoln Continental which my unpredictable date had borrowed for the occasion from a frat brother. We finally arrived at the gym in spite of my insisting we drive ten miles an hour to allow for nods to the peasants.

After my escort looked frantically through all his numerous pockets in search of his bid, and finally found it in a partial state of ruin in his shoe, (he'd put it there so as not to lose it) we went inside.

The dance was nice, if you're



willing to risk your life and limbs, and if you aren't one of those sillies who simply must breathe. Then too, if one stood quite still and turned up one's hearing aid, the faint rumbling of the orchestra could be heard in the distance.

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At the party (No. 1) afterwards, Lover Boy dragged me from one fraternity brother to another. They acknowledged with a gentlemanly and classic "hi-ya," and went on their bleary-eyed way. I yearned to meet some of the girls there, but the male element seemed calmly disinterested in fostering a better state of welfare between the visiting and at home quali.

Our Lincoln had to be abandoned (pity) due to some mysterious malady, so we bummed a ride from the House with some of the carriage trade. I crept in quietly so as not to incur the wrath of my foster housemother, bringing with me the morning paper and milk from the porch.

Exhausted, I prepared for bed conly to find that being the last one in had decided disadvantages. All the a vailable sleeping space seemed to be occupied by my roommates. Accepting my fate, I made the best of a scatter rug in the corner, fortifying myself with blanket and pillow which I took from a

sleeping beauty too dead to the world to miss them. At last, rest for the weary!

Ten a.m. and tour time. After all the effort to look like an imported clothes horse, I had forgotten to pack flats, and so I "oohed" and "ahed" the campus through the pain of ailing arches.

After this excruciating ordeal, we went to a luncheon party which to some extent resurrected me. I had by now discovered several friends by the "Are you from . . . do you know . . ." method. Also my date began to speak in two syllable words and to look as if he knew I had arms, legs, and hair on my head.

And so . . . to the game. The afternoon was complete with dust, squashing crowds, and mixed-up seats . . . (not to mention other mixed things). But I was serene through it all (my saleslady had guaranteed "grandstand glamour" with my ensemble). And I was totally oblivious to the cow bell behind me and the quaint feathered chapeau in front of me. My interpreter and escort sought desperately to explain the game of football to me . . . its rules, the outstanding players, the intricate plays, and the last sixty years scores. It was not until excommunication seemed

by Cree Deane

imminent that he ceased his lecture.

From the game (we lost) we journeyed to another party. If was just defrosting enough to speak in words instead of sign language when it was time to prepare for another night of festivity. I won't recount again the agonizing fight that insued in our girl's club. Needless to say, we were adorned properly even though we acquired a few battle scars in the process.

There dance was oh so gay. There was the floor show gang exhibiting great feats of endurance in the art of shagging. There were the dozing chaperones who looked quite frequently at their watches. And there were the usual good health boys who kept insisting you go out for a breath of fresh air. (Nay, nay, Perline!)

"Goodnight Ladies" did not bring goodnight but only foot morning. The breakfast which followed was rather riotous, but I bent over my plate of rather scrambled scrambled eggs and pretended not to notice the "drink and be merry" crowd. Having been termed "the virtuous one" by some of the in-(Continued on page twenty-four)



King of the Clowns

by CAROL OLDHAM

Doc Murphrey is almost as much a tradition at Wake Foreas as are the magnolias that cover the campus. For five years now, Doc has been entertaining Deacon fans with his humorous prognostications and ready wit at pep rallies and his anties at football games. You might call Doc the official morale booster of Wake Forest College.

Doc's real name is Willis Everette Murphrey, III, but few people know that. He has had scores of nicknames in his time; however, the one that has stuck longest is "Doc." He got that one because of his father who is a prominent Roanoke Rapids dentist.

Doe is an only son and is reputedly the apple of his father's eye; and although Doe is supposed to be the spitting image of the elder Murphrey, one of his favorite pastimes is relating supposedly true stories of "how tight my old man is." Such tales as "My dad got awful mad at me once when I was a little boy because I bought and lady sucker at 4 o'clock in

the afternoon" have added to the legendary character of Murphrey's dad.

But most of Doc's views, opinions and outlooks can be traced directly to Willis Everette Murphrey, II. Especially is this true in regard to his political beliefs, his love for Dixie, and his idolization of General Robert E. Lee.

Doc is best known on campus as a clown of the first class. He first became interested in skits, clowning and entertaining when he was twelve years old. Roanoke Rapids always had a big minstrel show every year, using community talent. The star of all these events was a local businessman, Roland Johnson, who, along with Al Jolson, became young Doc's ideal. He learned some of Mr. Johnson's jokes. wrote to various publishing houses for skits and humorous paraphernalia, such as rubber noses, and false feet, and before long, he and Mr. Johnson were being asked to appear before local civic clubs in a combined act. Ever since that time, Doc has been doing his blackface and clown acts.

But Doc was not a l ways clowning in high school. He took a lot of things seriously, among them athletics. He was a fine football player and during his senior year, he was named to the All-State squad. His playing game, however, was probably not the most remarkable thing about his football ability. A high school coach once said

(Continued on page twenty-five)

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Dear Deacons,

Everyone else is writing open letters these days so I decided to write one too. To whom am I referring when I say Deacons? Well, I'm just referring to the whole Wake Forest College family—faculty, students, athletes just everyone in general.

You'll have to reminisce a little with me because this letter actually was started last fall. Can you remember along the first of September when football experts throughout the nation began submitting their gridiron predictions for the 1949 season?

Some of these predictions read that Peahead Walker's Wake Forest Deacons would be one of the nation's top ranking powers. Others stated that the Deacs, reportedly blessed with the best talent in the land, would rule the roost in the Southern Conference.

But here at home, most of us merely claimed that the Baptists would be a surprise and listed Walker's club as the challenging power of the conference. Needless to say, things didn't turn out quite so well for the football minded Deacons.

Remember the Baptists' opener with Duquesne? Wake Forest had little trouble in beating the Dukes, but refused to show the finesse and power that had been expected of them in pre-season tabulations.

The following week, the Deacons boarded a plane for the long trek to Texas and a test with Southern Methodist University. Walker's Deacs were all fired up for that game and played their hearts out in dropping a close 18-7 decision to the Mustangs. Never before had a football team showed more determination and will to win than did the Deacons in Dallas that day.

It was a mighty long trip back home next day. Too long for most of them. On the plane, many wondered just how the folks at home—the ones who had to listen-to the game by radio—felt about the loss.

Much to their amazement, the Walkermen found a large band of ardent supporters waiting at the Raleigh - Durham airport. Why? Well, to the folks back home, it was a job well done and they were there to show their appreciation. As one Dear put it, "It was almost as if we had won. It was a wonderful feeling to find all of those people there."

Yet, in Boston the next week, the injury-riddled Baptists jumped into an early lead but faltered in the closing quarter and returned home with a 13-7 loss under their belts. According to most reports, the Deacs should have had another victory, but no dice.

Here at home, we began to do a little worrying, but contended that next week would be different with the Georgetown game coming up.

However, it wasn't different. In fact, things became worse and along with the Walkermen, we became disgusted. A weak, but spirited Hoya club had battled the Deacons to the final whistle and came out with a 12-6 win.

Things really were bad then. For a Wake Forest team, tabbed in early September as one of the best in the South, suddenly found itself floored and on the short end of a 1-3 record.

The following Saturday afternoon in Kenan Stadium, a Carolina club, led by All-American Charlie Justice, turned in its best performance of the season in defeating the Baptists, 28-14, in a game in which breaks proved to be a dominant factor in the final outcome.

Yet, this game turned out to be more than just a loss on the football field. There was a loss in the stands, too. We lost our spirit that day. For the past three games, we had been slowly losing faith in the Deacons. We knew too, that it was the wrong thing to do, but we did it anyway.

Naturally, this thing called spirit is great as long as we are riding a winner. We wondered just how anyone could expect a person to support a loser. What we didn't realize then however, was that one of these days, that loser was going to become a winner. What were we going to do then? Hop aboard the winner again? Well, that is exactly what most of us did.

Thumb through the pages following the Carolina game. You probably o bserved—openmouthed at what you saw—what is all now glorious history. You found that Wake Forest's Deacons really put on a show in walloping William and Mary's Indians, 55-28. What did you say to yourself that day? They were great or very probably you said, "We were certainly hot



An outdated spirit.



An eager and enthusiastic crowd catches the spirit of the fighting Deacs, cheering them in victory and in dark moments with the same undying vigor.

today." Back with a winner, weren't we?

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Take another look. The Baptists tripped Clemson's Tigers the next week by a 35-21 score. "Hmm. Maybe I was wrong," You said. "We have a great team after all." Felt fine then, didn't we?

Surely you remember the Duke-Wake Forest game? The Duke-Wake Forest game? The Decoration of the Devils in scoring a well-earned 27-7 victory. No doubt after that game, you claimed that "we have the best team in the nation." Note that "we" business. Did you say "we lost today" when the Deacs dropped those three games in succession? Some did, but more didn't.

Then came the day State upset the Deacons by a 26-14 score. We just couldn't understand that one, could we? We became a little low in spirit again, didn't we? Some of us stayed with the losing Deacs that day, but the others were guilty of saying that "so-and-so should have done this and so-and-so shouldn't have done that, and Peahead is no coach." But could any of us have done any better?

In the final game at South Carolina, the Baptists dropped a 27-20 contest that could have very easily gone the other way. What happened? No one actually knows, except the Deacs lost. What we couldn't seem to realize was that the game of football is like the football isself. It takes funny bounces. You can never tell what will happen.

Since the season was over, all of us got into some bull-sessions about the none-too-impressive 4-6 record that the Deacons compiled. As all sideline coaches do, each of us had our reasons

why the Deacs were guilty of such a miserable record.

"Maybe it's lack of teamwork."

"The players just didn't give their best."

"Aw, the coaching is no good."
"They just didn't want to win
badly enough."

You listed a lot of reasons, but how many of them were right? Any of them? All of them?

As always, there were some of us who merely nodded and contended that the Deacons of 1950 would be much better—that the Walkermen would profit by their mistakes.

Then came another big blow. A few weeks after the close of the football season, a regrettable cheating incident occurred (Continued on page twenty-six)

YOU MEET THE P



EPRESIDENT:

SCHOLAR, EDUCATOR, FRIEND

A FRIENDLY face looks up from the papers on the desk and smiles a warm greeting. President Tribble is a busy man but not too busy to spend a few minutes of his time talking with you.

You are in Wait Hall, sitting in Dr. Tribble's office in a chair just opposite his desk, still sensing the genuine welcome in his handshake. And there before you is the president, his eyes twinkling through his glasses, in a fashion that immediately invites conversation.

As the conversation gets underway, you notice that there is no indication of weariness in his expression despite the fact that his first weeks at Wake Forest have been filled with trips, speeches, and conferences, in addition to his full-time duties on the campus. Only the day before, for instance, he had journeyed to Winston for a conference, gone from there to a meeting in Lumberton, and returned that same night to Wake Forest, Even now as you talk, it is the supper hour but the president shows no signs of being in a hurry.

H is an easy man to talk to, and he speaks with enthusiasm as he answers your questions. His quiet, unassuming manner dispels any nervous qualms you might have had on arriving, and you are immediately at ease. You talk together as friends, as two members of the Wake Forest family, and in much the same manner as you would chat with your roommate.

Your conversation ranges

from the move to Winston to the Boston Red Sox and back to the proposed move. On this topic the president is especially enthusiastic and expresses hope that ground will be broken at Reynolda early this spring. He speaks with keen interest of the new campus, feeling that we should begin now with the funds on hand, and believing that once the move is actually underway state-wide interest will greatly increase.

You ask him if he thinks any of the old Wake Forest tradition will be lost in the move to Winston, and he shakes his head vigorously as he tells you that 'the traditions here will not be left behind. These are the things on which the new campus will be built. Without them the new Wake Forest will die before it begins to live." And with a wide grin he adds, "if necessary we'll

just transplant some of the mag-

"Dr. Tribble," you ask, "what do you think of the choice of architecture to be used at Reynolda?"

"Perfect," the president says.
"For the colonial background of
North Carolina, Mr. Larson's
use of the Georgian style of
architecture will be ideal."

He Goes on speaking easily and with eagerness about the moving program. He tells you of his desire to form a Student Building Committee so that the students themselves can have a part in the future of the college. "Many of you students may have connections which will be beneficial to the move of the college. There are so many people vitally interested in our growth with whom the (Continued on page twenty-seen)



President Tribble takes time out to talk with a student during Registration,

CAMPUSN



Caroll Oldham . . . imperial coed big wheel . . . Lois
Lane . . . main cog in many activities . . .



Jim Cook . . . GI's friend . . . bridge shark . . . Bursar's henchman . . .



Bet Isbell . . . beauty plus brains . . . artistic ace . . . Howler head . . .



Dr. Bill Speas . . . Physics prof . . . dry wit . . . "Catch me if you can" . . . prankster . . . "Bill, where in the devil did you park that car" . . .

SNOTABLES



Worth Copeland . . . runs the Wake Forest branch of the U. S. Treasury . . . \$ \$ \$ \$ \$. . . "Sorry, but that will cost too much" . . .

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Piggy Davis . . . B. M. O. C. . . . Student Body prexy . . . politician . . .



Dr. "Skinny" Pearson . . . history chief . . . antiquated car . . . chuckles . . . blitzkrieg pops . . . table-top lectures . . .



Coach "Peahead" Walker . . . ties . . . Cadillac . . . locker room orator . . . "Drag 'em off the field" . . .



Student Pin-up

Nancy Hedrick

WITH AN EYE FOR TALENT

(Continued from page three) boy with the bashful grin, can be found most of time in the library pouring over volumes of French literature or diligently preparing assignments for classes. An English major, Carl is an assistant in the English Department and hopes to teach when he graduates. But for the present we hope he'll continue to turn out short stories for the magazine.



Our art editor, Dan Pearce, is responsible for most of the art work appearing in this issue. Just about the most industrious boy we know, he has spent the majority of his time knocking out top rate illustrations for THE STURENT.

Dan, who comes from a family talented along artistic lines, has been tinkering with a paint brush ever since he can remember. In high school in Salemburg, he was art editor of his school paper and his annual, and drew a monthly comic strip for the paper. He has studied oil painting and attended the Ferree School of Art in Raleigh for one semester.

At Wake Forest, Dan is Publicity Director for the Little Theater and does work for the B.S.U. and other campus organizations. In addition to painting the cover, he illustrated stories on pages 2, 6, 10, and 12.



CARCI OLDIAM, Co-Editor of the Old Gold and Black, and a cog in the wheel of many other campus organizations, has taken time out from her busy schedule to write the character sketch of Doc Murphrey which appears on page 12.

A senior from Gulf, Carol has spent four years pounding out copy for the paper and the annual, but this is her first contribution to The STUDENT. A journalist of rare ability and promise, Carol can probably be persuaded to display more of her work in forthcoming issues.



Wiley Warren, more talent kidnapped from the Old Gold and Black office, contributed the open letter appearing

on page 14. Entering his second year as sports editor for the paper, he comes to us as an experienced author of sports copy. First Baseman for Wake Forest's fine baseball te am, Wiley proves himself equally as capable with a typewriter as he does on the diamond. His fine story on the Wake Forest foot ball team and the spirit which



rules it, should prove of interest to all our readers.

A NOTHER VETERAN contributor to the mag. is Arthur Gore, who spends most of his time pounding the typewriter and turning out excellent short stories. For this issue he has turned from prose to poetry, and his poem, "Sketching," can be found on page 6. We hope the appearance of poetry in this issue will prompt our readers to contribute, as we'd like to make this a permanent feature of the magazine.

FOR FRESHMEN ONLY

(Continued from page four) lege is reserved only for upperclassmen.

- Students may operate cooking appliances with the permission of the housemother.
 This permission is never granted.
- Animals shall not be kept in the dormitories. This includes week-end guests, mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, and other critters.
- 11. There shall be no trading, selling, or buying among students in the dormitories. Any freshman who wishes to trans-

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act business of any kind must do so through advertising in The Student Magazine.

- 12. Freshmen will not be permitted to gamble in any form. This includes nickel bets on football games, penny a point bridge, or flipping coins for cokes.
- 13. Rooms in frosh dorms are rented in advance for the semester. In case of expulsion or death there will me no refunds. (Remember, for every freshman accepted here, 5 are turned down. We can't afford to lose money.)
- 14. Freshmen are permitted to eat in downtown restaurants. However, if the restaurant is crowded and you have a seat, you must forfeit it to any upperclassmen who may be waiting. Those failing to do this will thereafter restrict their eating habits to the cafeteria.

RULES . . . GENERAL, SPECIFIC AND OTHERWISE

(Continued from page four) freshmen are required to know all school songs and yells both in English and Greek. If you have not done this yet, turn to page 60 where we have printed them for your convenience.

Warning: The college assumes no responsibility for any valuables kept in dormitory rooms. This includes you.

TO HOE THE CORN

(Continued from page nine) eyes a bit alarmed at the stranger. Her jaws began to move as if run by some hidden automatic mechanism.

"Comment maintenant, vache brune? What? You aren't a French cow? You do have a Latin look in your eyes, but I'll translate for you. You haven't been to college like I have. How now, brown cow. Stand up here." At first the boy felt rather foolish talking to the animal in this way. He nudged her ponderous belly with his tennis



"Good morning . . . Sentimental Life Insurance Co. . . . we cry when you die."

shoe. She heaved up on her feet, her joints popping at the effort. The boy's face became country-wise as he chewed on his generous lower lip and lifted his eyebrow, examining the cow with a farmer's eye. She wasn't as good a milker as old Queen, he decided. But then old Queen had been the best cow seen in that part of the country for some time.

"What's your name, cow?"
He ran his hand appreciatively
over her healthy neck. She
stood tensed, her egg-like eyes
watching this stranger rubbing
his hand on her barrel-like body.

"You look like you ought to be named Sadie," he gave her a slap on the rump. She jerked and then lumbered away attracted by a new vine that had twisted through the chickenwire fence from the adjoining garden.

The boy wrinkled his nose at the cow-smell on his hands and rubbed them on his pants. He strode past the unpainted barn and climbed up the slab barn and climbed up the slab fence at the end of the yard. He threw his legs over and jumped down into the morning-wet grass of the orchard. The green apples shone in hard little knots among the breeze-shaken leaves. He pulled off one and took a bite, his lips turning down at the delicious sourness. Sour apples . . . green apples

don't grow in college towns... some kids never tasted the delicious sourness of a green apple that puts a sharp edge on the teeth from the first bite. .. He took another bite and remembered how once in the middle of Dr. Jones' lecturing on Browning he had suddenly wanted a green apple.

... This was home and the farm then ... he had come evant at the risk of being bored to death all summer ... if he could be bored in the country ... there's always something to be done ... maybe the corn needed working ... The tall ragweeds flapped stubbornly against his legs as he walked through the orchard toward the red clay cornfield.

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The corn was about knee high. The tender green leaves were shivering in the south breeze. Clumps of crowfoot grass were grouped around the pale stalks, and the morning glories wrapped their choking vines up the stalks into the leaves. Here was a job waiting for him. He'd come home to work and here it was. He grinned, remembering how hoeing corn used to be an unbearable pain. He never thought then that he would come home to hoe the corn.

The boy tossed the green apple core aside and pulled a tall green blade out of its socket. He chewed on it out of the corner of his mouth as country people do. He spread the palms of his hands open. Soft from book-handling. Not even a single row of corn where there had been a double row. He grimaced, thinking of the blisters that would follow the first day's work with the hoe.

He turned to go back. Crossing the weedy orchard, he climbed the fence and jumped back over into the barnyard. Some chickens fluttered out of his way as he strode to the barn. It stood somber with its unpainted silvergrey boards and its red-rusted tin roof. The boy

walked under the shed-like projection of the roof. An early gray-speckled hen hopped out of the square blackness of the stable door.

He drew the latch of the feed room door next to the cow stable and stepped up into the dimness of the windowless room. He found the hoe leaning against the wall where it had always been kept. The boy paused a moment, his hand on the latch. There was a dusty smell of stored hay and dry stable bedding mingled with the acid smell of dried manure from the cow stable. The sacks of cowfeed and chickenfeed squatted on the floor with their tops gaping open. The boy grinned: his eyes became dark with excitement. This was something he really knew-barn things, chickens, hay smells.

In the left corner, light from the open loft poured in out of a square hole in the ceiling. He leaned the hoe back against the the wall and held his head down to keep from hitting the big square beams of the low ceiling. Grasping the edge of the hole with his hands, he braced his feet on the planks nailed sidewise on the corner walls and pulled himself up in the loft. A grey-streaked barncat was crouching on a mound of dry green lespedeza. It turned startled yellow eyes to the boy and skittered away as if caught in some sinful act. A hen surprised in her early morning egglaying squaked out in protest at the encrouching stranger and clumsily flapped her way out of the hayloading window hysterically cackling in outrage.

The dust settled and the boy



sat on the edge of the loading window and thumped his heels against the outside of the barn. The sun was making long earlymorning shadows on the land. Over in the cornfield the breezes made the black-streaked shadows of the tender corn dance on the red clay furrows. And the oat field, almost yellow enough to reap and spreading to the woods, washed back and forth in the morning air.

A THROATY chuckle sounded. He looked down and recognized the Plymouth Rock rooster pecking and scratching in the brown barnyard dirt. The bot thumped his foot with force against the barn. The rooster jumped, his tail flapping with pride. He turned his head warily to one side, his blood-red comb and wattles flapping indignantly.

"You remember me, don't you Timothy?" the boy leaned out a bit. The rooster clucked unable to locate the voice and began to peck and scratch in the dirt again. Sadie came plodding around the corner of the barn, her jaws chewing with automatic unconcern.

"You don't know me Sadie

"You don't know me, Sadie, but I belong here. Ask Timothy. Tell her I've been away." He grinned, wondering what his college people would think if they heard him talking to animals. But he no longer felt foolish; he knew that he had learned to talk to animals a long time ago, long before there was college, back when there were chickens to feed and when pugnacious roosters like Timothy could really scare.

The cow began to lumber away, her head hanging low to the ground. A cluster of barred-rock hens had gathered around Timothy. A door slammed. The boy caught the scent of ham frying. He had forgotten that in the country—at home—they eat breakfast, the yawned and then pulled himself outside the window hanging to the sill by his hands, his feed winding a short distance from

the ground. He dropped and stumbled into the group of terrified hens that flapped and squawked kicking dirt in the boy's face as he stumbled into a sitting position. Timothy's neck feathers flew up in righteous indignation as he threatened the boy. He put up his arm in self-defense.

"Get away, you old buzzard.
I'll stew you. I don't care how
old you are."

He stood up, stretched and idled toward the white frame farmhouse. He would eat breakfast. Then he would hoe the corn.

I WAS AN IMPORT

(Continued from page eleven) ebriated hosts, I was the object of some bewildered glances, but otherwise was left to my eggs.

Due to low hemoglobin, sleeping sickness, chronic exhaustion, and battle fatigue . . I was quite willing to call it a day. My date—I use the word in its loosest sense, was becoming bored with our chess game and was at length persuaded to depart.

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You pledge a frat yet, Pal?

It was beginning to snow as we crawled up the front steps. Wet and cold I paused a second for his accustomary handshake. But no . . . he surprised mel Yep, on the forehead . . muttering something about a kiss not being a one-way ticket to purgatory.

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On the train platform, next morning we screamed our "surely did enjoy it's" above the engine. I hugged my bottle of insects and waved my pennant in farewell. The train chugged out to begin the sojourn home, and I settled back in my seat with the notes for Monday morning's quiz.

KING OF THE CLOWNS

(Continued from page twelve) of Murphrey, "He's the best morale builder I've ever seen. He can do more to a team to make it keep trying to win than any one football player I know."

Not only did Doc excel in football, but his baseball game was nothing to be laughed at. When he was still in high school, he started playing semi-pro baseball in the summer and has done so every year since. He has never played for a team that has not won the league pennant or the play-offs.

The fans love Doc, but his clowning around on the baseball field gets him into trouble occasionally. Once he sawed a bat in half, and hinged it back together. When his turn came at the plate, he took a terrific swing, the bat dropped over on its hinges, the crowd roared, and the umpire fined Murphrey \$50.00. Another time, in the Albemarle League playoffs, the opposing team imported a major league pitcher in an effort to clinch the title. Everybody on Doc's team was afraid of the new pitcher, except Murphrey. He walloped the first pitched ball over the fence. It was Doc's first homerun of the season, and he was so happy that he had

picked such an opportune time to hit one that he turned cartwheels all around the bases instead of merely running around them.

Doc's other major high school interest was Boy Scout work. He became an Eagle Scout when he was still quite young and still regards the Scouts as the finest organization for boys in America.

When Doc first came to Wake Forest, he came to play football and not to clown around. He played for two years, or rather, he practiced with the varsity squad for two years. Doc relates that "once we were about 40 points ahead and Peahead put me in. I played a minute and 35 seconds," but that was the only time he ever got in a game. That he was a crowd favorite, however, was apparent from the "We want Murphrey! We want Murphrey!" cries that broke out intermittently during the games when Doc was warming the bench.

Now, however, Doc has given up football except for intramural games with his Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity, but he is more active at the games since he handed in his uniform for he assists the cheerleaders by clowning around on the field and in the crowd. The worst time Doc ever had at a football game since he became the Wake Forest clown was at the Carolina-Wake Forest game in 1949. He was leading a bedraggled goat around Kenan Stadium. pretending that he was Rameses. the U. N. C. mascot, when some Carolina cheerleaders sent a bulldog after him. Before Murphrey knew what had happened, his pants were seatless and the bulldog had departed with half of Doc's rented goat's beard. Doc said, "I guess the crowd thought we planned that one, but we sure didn't!"

Some people here in Wake Forest go to the baseball games just to hear Murphrey rag the visiting team. Doc, an ardent Southerner, really has a field day when the Deacs play a team from north of the Mason-Dixon. Once in 1948 when the Deacs were leading an Akron, Ohio, team 7-0 in the fourth, Doc yelled down, "O. K., O. K., now we're paying you back for what you did to Robert E. Lee at Appomatox."

Doc is as big a Confederate flag waver as you'll see and he'll argue about who won the Civil War seven days a week. He contends that the South would surely have won if the Confederates had had time to plant a corn crop. "We could have beat the Yankees just any old day if we'd had some corn stalks."

In addition to liking the South, Doc likes politics. He combined the two during the last presidential election to support J. Strom Thurmond, the Dixiecrat candidate. "I was his campus campaign manager," he said, "and after the election he

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sent me a telegram thanking me for my help. 'Course I didn't really think he would win, any way."

Murphrey is a big hearted guy with a quick Irish temper. He gets mad at things, but not at people. Sometimes he gets so mad at some inanimate object, like a chair that he falls over, that he'll kick it hard. But he seldom gets that angry at people.

He'll do anything for a friend and he'll go anywhere any time. He likes to do things on the spur of the moment. Last year, he decided to go to the Kentucky Derby 24 hours before it began. (He got there, too).

He loves to do his act and will spend hours poring over joke books for new ideas. He has a remarkable memory and can learn pages of jokes at one sitting and recall them whenever the occasion arises.

He has a definite one-track mind, however. Sometimes if he really gets engrossed in a conversation with someone, he can't hear another person speak to him.

He is a doodler, too. Whenever Murphrey is really thinking, he doodles. He always draws the same pattern, over and over.

Above all, Doc is witty, and he is a talker! His big, booming voice, which can be heard above any of the usual noise at an athletic contest, is one of his trademarks. His other most noticeable feature is his grin.

This is Doc's fifth year at Wake Forest. Once, someone asked Dr. Murphrey what "Willis was going to be when he graduated." "Well," said the doctor, "I think Willis is going to be an old man!" But as far as a great many Wake Forest students are concerned, the little boy with the big smile can just take his time about getting out, because a football game just wouldn't be the same without Murphrey.

DEAR DEACONS

(Continued from page fifteen)
which resulted in the expulsion
of several grid stars.

Remember what you said along then? "Well, I guess we'll even have a much worse record in 1950, now that we've lost our best players." Certainly we had a right to be downcast.

and a right to be downcast.

And as expected, when the fall of 1950 rolled around, the Wake Forest Deacons weren't rated very highly in pre-season billings by the gridfron experts throughout the nation. Wake Forest wasn't conceded any chance of winning the Southern Conference flag. We agreed with the experts. The Deacs just wouldn't have it this year.

For the Deacons, minus the services of nineteen lettermen, were woefully weak in experienced reserves. A good first team was expected, but beyond that, the outlook was really dark for the Baptists.



I wanna complain about the service on the freights between Raleigh and Richmond.

However, during the summer, several of the Deacon football players got together one afternoon and decided that the 1950 experts were going to eat their words. These Deac aces really became serious about the matter and agreed that it was time for the players to wake up and get down to some real spirited work when fall practice was called.

Team spirit, they knew, was one of the major things that the 1949 Deacs lacked. They decided that the players just had to take a new attitude about the situation. They figured that the Baptists should have won more games than they did last year and that they owed it to Peahead.

The September of 1950 came and Walker issued the call for forty-three candidates. Only three weeks remained before the opening game with Boston College. The Deacs realized the fact and didn't forget either what they had decided upon during mid-summer.

The practices were slow, grueling affairs in which every man seemed to have gained a new and different attitude about the game of football. It was going to be hard work, they

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knew, but it was going to pay off sooner or later.

And it has paid off, in a tremendous way. For this reportedly weak Wake Forest football team, with sophomores shining everyday, has rocketed into a a well-oiled polished grid machine—one of precision and finesse. They realize that perfection is a long way off, but every day means a step closer and a notch toward another win.

No, these Baptists haven't expected to win every game. No football team is at its best every week, no matter how strong it is. But they do know that there is added improvement and experience as each week passes.

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If they happen to lose, the Walkermen figure it won't be because of a loss of spirit or will to win. Not that at all. What's more, these football - m in d e d Deacons don't want to see the rest of the Wake Forest family lose its spirit.

The Baptist athletes don't want you to shed any tears for them. It's just that they want you to be with them—in victory and in defeat.

Don't ever forget that in a time of defeat, an ounce of understanding is worth a ton of sympathy.

I don't really want to close this letter, but maybe I'd better. Just always remember, Deacons, that there is a certain moment —a moment that seems to stretch into a terrible and bitter eternity—in the life of every athlete worthy of a name.

It is that moment when he realizes that he is no longer able to do the things which have placed him above all other competitors. Such a moment has come to every kind of athlete, the clowning and the serious, the savage and the gentle.

That moment will come at times to the Wake Forest athletes, for they are no exceptions.

Yet, there is always a way to keep going—a way to remain within fighting distance of the top. It takes an endless selfdrive and an everlasting spirit of determination to keep within reach of your competitor. It takes that urge and an undying desire to win that is typical of every champion.

No, the Wake Forest teams aren't all champions yet. But one of these days, you'll see the Baptist school ranked at the top—along with the best in the nation.

I guess that's about all that I'll be able to say right now. Oh, just one more thing. Athletes are human too—just like you and I. And no one is capable of the impossible.

Sincerely, WILEY WARREN, JR.

YOU MEET THE PRESIDENT

(Continued from page seventeen) administration has no contact. If this committee is organized, it will be highly advantageous in the advancement of Wake Forest."

President Tribble's feelings for Wake Forest College can't be translated into mere words. You learn these in watching his face as he talks about its past, its present, and its all important future. The significance of his task becomes clear to you, and you are aware that he views it as a vast opportunity to expand and improve Wake Forest as a Christian college and as a leading educational center of the South. And you listen as he tells how he sees in the traditions of the school a chance to develop a full-scale university program with an aim of producing great leaders for North Carolina.

Perhaps as he talks, you wonder how any one man can take on the great responsibilities which are his, but as you learn of his background, his past performances, and his great services to other institutions, you are no longer prone to look with amazement on his ventures.

The distinguished son of a distinguished father, Dr. Tribble fits easily into the role of a college president. His father was President of Columbia College (now absorbed into Stetson University) at Lake City, Fla. Dr. Tribble himself resigned as President of Andover-Newton Theological School in Newton Center, Mass. to take his position at Wake Forest. So being a college president is not new to Dr. Tribble, but in coming to Wake Forest he informs you that watching an old college experience a new birth under his administration is one of the truly great experiences of his life.

The PRESIDENT'S exceptional background pronounces him as a scholar of the highest caliber. At the early age of thirteen he decided to become a preacher, and entered the University of Richmond as a ministerial stu-

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dent. During this time he served as a student pastor for several churches. But being a student pastor did not occupy all his time, for Dr. Tribble participated in many extra-curricular activities.

Exhibiting great skill as a hardwood artist, he was a member of the College's varsity basketball team. He was a member of Kappa Sigma social fraternity, served on the Inter-

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BARNEY POWELL

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C. C. BLANTON

"BUSTER" PERRY

FAMILY BARBER SHOP Fraternity Council, and in his senior year edited *The Collegian*, campus newspaper.

Graduating in 1919, young Tribble went to the Southern Baptist Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky where he received his Master of Theology degree in 1922, and his Doctor's degree in 1925. The same year he maried Nell Louise Futch of Lake City, and remained at the seminary as assistant to Dr. E. Y. Mullins, president and professor of Theology. After his death, Dr. Tribble became head of the department of Theology.

Already established in a promising position, Tribble, keenly interested in scholarship, stepped back into the role of student by entering the University of Louisville, and in 1927 received his Master of Arts degree. Still in pursuit of knowledge, the ambitious Tribble went abroad in 1930 and studied at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, and at universities in Germany and Switzerland. He

received his Ph.D. from the University of Edinburgh in 1937.

TPON LEARNING these facts you realize that you are talking to a great scholar, but as the conversation moves on, you also see a man who is a great civic leader and who intergrates himself in community activities. Perhaps his personal gains in this field prompt him to tell you that a task of great importance is "equipping young people for well-rounded service as citizens." President Tribble believes that colleges should train students to be citizens rather than specialists. "We need leaders from Christian colleges to lead our government."

You see him as a great minister, as a leading educator, and as a wise scholar, but you also see him as a family man, proud of his family, keenly interested in his children and home life, and never for an instant forsaking them for his other obligations.

KENAN STADIUM



"Better get some sleep tonight foe . . . Wake Forest will be watching the game from here tomorrow."

Harold Jr., his 22 year old son, is a student at Andover-Newton, studying the ministry as have two generations before him. Betty May, 17, is a senior at Wake Forest High School and is taking some French courses at the college. Following in her father's footsteps, she studied abroad this past summer as a participant in the project of the Experiment in International Living. Barbara Ann, 15, is a juinor in- high school at Saint Mary's in Raleigh.

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You question him about his literary endeavors, and with a modest smile he tells you, "I've done some writing, but not as much as I'd like. Perhaps if there is time after attending to my duties I will return to my writing."

Further questions reveal that his works, written largely to promote study among laymen, include: Our Doctrines; a remained of Dr. Mullins' work, The Baptist Faith; Salvation; and a commentary on the Old Testament, From Adam to Moses.

You ask him about his hob-bies, and he's quick to tell you that he is an ardent sports enthusiast, following closely major league baseball, and telling you of his fondness for the Boston Red Sox and of his admiration for Ted Williams. You mention golf and his eyes light up, and he speaks of how he is looking forward to playing with some regularity on the local course. The president also likes handball which he use to play frequently with the students in Louisville, and his vacations are spent fishing. With football in full swing, he plans to attend as many of the Demons' games as possible.

After talking to Dr. Tribble, you immediately recognize him as an ideal combination of educator and minister; a man of integrity whose attitudes and qualities will enable him to deal successfully with students, faculty, trustees, and others whose good will is necessary in the advancement of the college.

To quote his friend, Dr.

Charles F. Leek of Thomasville:
"He measures as a public speaker before any audience, as a scholar in a wide and varied sense, as an administrator, as a business executive, as a practicing Christian, as an approachable and pleasant personality, as a warm friend of students, as a lucid writer on many subjects, and as a courageous and progressive soul."

On leaving his office, you realize that Wake Forest College did indeed choose wisely when it named Dr. Tribble to guide it in this period of transition as it stands on the threshold of a bright new future. You've met a man well versed in administering to the needs of the school, vitally interested in all of us, willingly giving advice to those who ask, and above all, eager to be a personal friend to each member of the Wake Forest Family.



"I want to hand in this list of boys who've been annoying me."

MEET
THE
GANG
-atP.
D.'S

College Soda Shop
"The Best & the Most"

WRITE A STORY AND WRITE IT QUICK

You're stuck. You need another story . . . and you need it quick. "Oh well, so what?" you say, and nonchalantly you sit down at your typewriter, grab a cigarette, assume the air of that star reporter you saw in the movie the other night, and you're ready to go. Right? All right. Your fingers start pounding out stuff that strangely resembles "now is the time for all good. . ." and you suddenly begin to get worried. A line of "pure old scared to death" sweat starts trickling down your nose, and you see the walls start closing in on you. Getta hold of yourself, kid it can't be that bad. write something, anything, just so you write. . . Write. . . write. . . write. . .

What can you write? There must be something. . . something they'll read. Funny. . . veh. write 'em something funny. . . Give 'em a laugh. H-m-m-m. . . what's so funny?. . . You might as well face it. . . humor went out with the old school. . . seems like all the sources are exhausted....

How about a short story?. . . a real short one. . . one of those vigenette things you see once in a while. . . nope, that won't do either. Let's see, . . . gotta have something they will read. . . Jokes, yeah, that's fine. . . lots of 'em. . . Exchange mags, . . . where are they? . . . ah, here's some. . . Wataguna, Misasip, Dodo. . . h-m-m-m. . . ha-ha. . . good, but not for us. . . lucky mags. . . give 'em a pair of scissors and they're happy. . . ah, nuts!!!!

The old typewriter sits there before you and leers. . . you doodle around hitting things like "&') (\$||\$/"&(|*.... and wonder why they won't say something intelligent. "Wish I could use some jokes. . . if I didn't think I would get kicked out of school on my left ear, I would su. nope, don't guess I'd better.

Let's see. . . maybe they'd read an article about a professor. . . who could I use. . . Dr. . ., nope, not him. They all get enough of him in that class. . . ."

The story of your life. . . Korean situation. . . blast the administration. . . blast the faculty . . . blast the students. . . Ah. blast it all!!!!



Hey, wait a minute. . . poetry . . . Give 'em some humorous verse. . . Got plenty of that. . . Now where's that little green book you snitched from the library. . . "Percy Pogum's Potent Poetry". . . they oughta like that. . . Nobody probably ever read it. . . Just sign it with an appropriate nom de plumes and who'll ever know the difference. . . Greater people have done it. . . Lookit Shakespeare, Dante, Chaucer, all those high and mighty guys who got by with it. . . Sure, but maybe. . . ah, better not. . . vou never can tell what will happen if you get caug. . . well, there goes another possibility.

Just what in the world can you put in a magazine?. . . Yeh, I know, but they won't allow that, . . . you gotta give 'em something that will live. . . go down in history. . . capture the drama of life. . . .

Jokes won't go. . . naughty stories are blackballed. . . no good verse. . . how do they expect you to put out a mag if you can't print something the kids will read. . . Oh, what the he. . . Looks like I'm sunk. . . .

"Oh, Muse, kiss me with your . . . ". . .a-w-w, nertz!!! Wonder how in the world that crew that had this mag last year and the year before ever lived through it. . . What's printable isn't good . . . What's good isn't printable . . . Gawd, what a vicious circle.

ARTIST'S MATERIALS-THEATRICAL MAKEUP FLAMEPROOF CREPE PAPER

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The pale green cat jumped over the moon. . . oh, where, oh where, has my little dog gone. . . Now is the time for. . . Oh p-le-a-s-e won't somebody shove a story under the door. . .

No new stories. . no new twist deas... maybe give a new twist to something. . likes of which haven't been done before... say something like "roses are a vile shade of green... violets abomnible orange... The right kind of sugar is hard to find, . . and nothing will rhyme with the last line. . . Heck, the idea of running poetry fizzled out a few paragraphs back.

Time is short. . . must think

of something... maybe write a continued like they do in some of those big mags... it wouldn't have to make must sense... let the reader think that all the wrinkles will come out in the end... Yeh, that's a good idea but it's too late now... too late... too late...

Maybe make a quick stab at a column for the lovelorm... or a news from the B.S.U... or what goes on in the museum every Sunday afternoon. Ah, but probably they read such as that in the O.G.&B... and who wants to be like the O.G.&B...

Your time is up but your page isn't and a long hairy arm clutches your neck and a rough voice says "GIVE". . You feel the life going out of you as you try to make excuses. . excuses . . excuses . . he tells you in a gleeful voice that they can't print the mag. . no story. . . no story. . . no story. . . .

What to do...where to hide... boot it out of town...a dishonorable alumnus...ruined for life... bring shame to the college... all because you were suppose to write a story....

What happened to the rest of



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"I realize I'm a new president, but this thing can go too far!"

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MILLER'S



"I been flappin' and floppin' and I ain't made a flyin' tackle all week."

the staff?... why can't they write a story?... why must it be you left in the lurch?...O.K., admit you're in the wrong... you deserve all this torment... this racking of brain... terror strikes your heart as the deadline hovers over you... silent as death... silence... then broken by the screaming of "I want a

story... now... now... NOW.
.." Hit the keyboard... write
something... anything... anything... the quick brown fox
jumped over the lazy dog...
Now is the time for all good
typewriters to come to the aid
of Leslie L. Bates... WRITE A
STORY!!! WRITE A STORY
!!! OH, NUTS!!!.

A Welcome to Wake Forest Students

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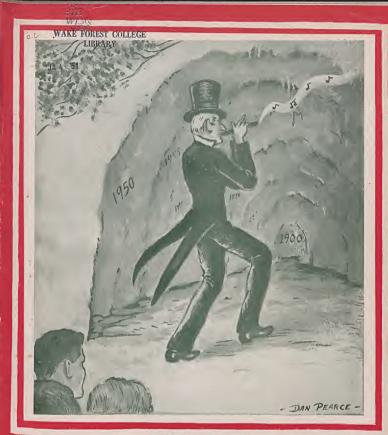
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Mid-Century Issue

DECEMBER 195

Volume LXVI No. 1

The Student



Mr. Ray serves a happy group of young freshmen gleefully planning their future days at Wake.

Mr. Calvin Ray

Announces . . .



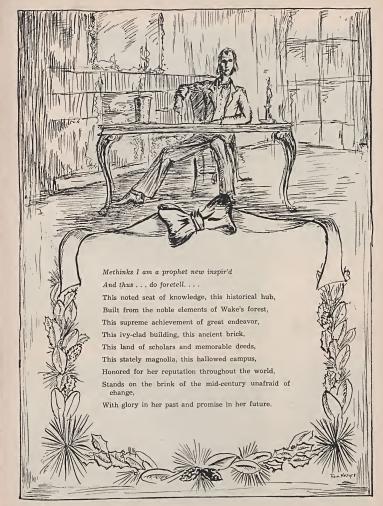


Mr. Ray shown with his prize possession.

AT

ITS BEST

ATMOSPHERE - REFRESHMENTS - MUSIC



AROUND THE CAMPUS



Aerial view of campus in 1900.



By the old well . . . a good loafing place.

US IN THE EARLY 1900's



The old gymnasium.



View from train in passing.



The college plaza.

FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE STUDENT



Back in the year 1900 THE STUDENT was the only publication on the Wake Forest campus. Those were the days when the Houler was only a builetin board and the Old Gold and Black was still a part of the future.

Founded as a literary magazine, it was then directed by the two literary societies and edited by their members. Throughout its pages appeared much that has since passed on to the columns of other publications, and also much that has just passed on. Thus it was that a varied assortment of material found a place between its covers.

Today as we turn through the pages of the 1900 issues we find much that both interests and amuses us. Yet in some cases things have not changed too radically.

Following are some excerpts that are representative of what appeared 50 years ago other than the short stories, essays, and poetry that have been carried over today.

* *

In those days Wake had no football team, and all the energy and spirit students show today in that respect was directed elsewhere. In 1900 the Wake Forest Debate Team was supported as

ardently as we support the Demon Deacons now. Following is a sort of "editorial pep rally" found in one issue on the occasion of a debate with Trinity.

"Let us all give them our earnest and heartiest support, and go to Raleigh in a body. A special train will be run at reduced rates on Thursday afternoon, so there will be no excuse for anyone to remain. Then everybody to Raleigh Thanksgiving!"

Personal: "Misses Jessie Brewer and Janie Taylor have entered the Baptist Female University at Raleigh. A host of friends were made sad at their departure, but hope soon to see them return laden with wisdom."

Evidently baseball has always been in the limelight at W.F.C. Even at the turn of the century they boasted a good team.

"The baseball prospects for Wake Forest have never been brighter. The infield, which won the reputation of being the fastest in the state, is back entire. With a good catcher and good material in the new men, and professionalism banished from college athletics, we shall make a splendid bid for the State championship."

Personal: "Misses Jessie Brewer and Janie Taylor of the Baptist Female University gladdened the Hill with their presence a few days last month." (These gals must have been the belles of the campus.)

And students went to chapel back then too.

"The fact that Wake Forest is a growing, aggressive institution is continually presented to the mind. The crowded chapel, the overflowing recitation rooms, and the multitudes of strange faces all attest to this fact."

Personal: "Misses Jessie Brewer and Janie Taylor visited here recently. We always welcome the visits of the fair ones and hope they will come oftener."

In 1900 Wake Forest was rapidly growing to the metropolis it is today. "Forsooth, the town of Wake Forest is rapidly becoming a city. Mr. R. S. Dodd is building a residence in the vacant lot opposite the home of Dr. Gorrell. Mr. D. S. Fort is erecting three cottages on a street southwest of the college near Mr. Fred. Purefoy's. Prof. Carlyle also is building a neat house in the western part of twwn."

Personal: "Misses Jessie Brewer and Janie Taylor who are now at the Baptist Female University in Raleigh, delighted their many friends here by a short visit."

The nature of the old cheers have changed somewhat, but those of '00 were rousing to say the least.

"Chick-a-go-runk! go-runk - go

ree: Chick-a-go-runk! go-runk - go

Hi! Ho! Hi! Ho! WFC WFC, and Rah, rah, rah, whoop-la Vee!

'Or et Noir' and WFC!!!"

Personal: "Misses Jessie Brewer and Janie Taylor spent a few days at home. The Hill is always happier for their visits."

"Tis no wonder that a few decades back The Student had to bow out for being naughty. In 1900 they published such obscene jokes and verses as the (Continued on page twenty-nine)



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THE HALFWAY MARK

This Christmas season closes the door on the first half of the twentieth century. Behind that door lie fifty eventful years in the history of Wake Forest College. Years that tell a story of steady progress in spite of many obstacles.

We look back now and see that the college has undergone many changes. The campus itself has gone through many stages of transition. New buildings stand on the sites of old ones and others have sprung up where once stood majestic magnolias. There are variations of student tastes, trends in student government, and athletics.' These differences are quite clear to us as we stand at mid-century.

In the following pages The Student has endeavored to present some of the highlights of this era . . . student life, outstanding professors, notable athletic events, and prominent additions which have furthered our advancement.

Today as we reach the half-way mark, a shining opportunity is before us. An opportunity to make the next fifty years the mome morable and glorious in our history. Former wise leaders have not passed on with the fading of the half-century. The spirit which guided them unfalteringly through such difficulties as two world wars and an unforgettable depression is still prevalent with those who lead us today. This spirit, these leaders, and time itself, that holds half-centuries lightly and makes clear their patterns, assure us of a significant future.

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Letters to the Editor



A Compliment . . . Sort of Dear Sir:

Congrads on getting out an a lot of others are glad some-body cracked the whip and made you guys get to work. We're tired of the way you people played around last year. Just remember we pay money for that dirty rag of yours, and we expect to have 'em delivered. Right? Alright

Signed, A Sophomore Reader.

P.S. Oh yeah, that first issue was pretty good . . . considering. Editor's note: Gee, t'anks.

A "Wheel" Speaks

Ed: What sort of a business are you pulling anyway? I feel that I have been discriminated against. That thing you ran in the last issue on Campus Notables was a low blow. Now I'm a modest sort of fellow, but I believe in rights. I've done just as much as those people you mentioned, and do you think I was included? NO IN-DEED! Your filthy mag is unfair, and I'm not alone in this belief. You'd better start living right.

A member of What's What.

Ed's note: For a nominal fee we'll be glad to plaster your pan on any or all of our pages. See our business manager.

(Continued on inside back cover)

On the Campus

The

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- A Place to Meet Your Friends

E. C. Snyder, Prop.

HALF A CENTURY

AT

DEACON HOLLOW

The first half of the Twentieth Century was an eventful one at Wake Forest. From the building of the arch in the early 1900's to the hopes of building an entire new campus in the 1950's, progress has never waned. On the following pages our artist has captured with his pen some of the outstanding happenings on the campus during those first five decades, and along with this some of the national events which could not go unnoticed in an institution of higher learning.

1900'S—the decade following the turn of the century... at Wake Forest, an era of achievement ... Alumni Building erected ... Class of 1909 gives arch ... Taylor hands over presidency to W. L. Poteat ... Basketball, "a new game" ... poetry of John Charles McNeill ... South-Atlantic tennis champions ... Oh, Here's to Wake Forest composed ... Howler debut ... hey-day of literary societies...

And students were also conscious of: . . . Floradora girls . . Tin Pan Alley . . first aeroplane flight . . Teddy Roosevelt . . San Francisco earthquake . . merry oldsmobiles . . . current best sellers . . . Carrie Nation . . . Victor Herbert . . William Jennings Bryant . . .

-

1910'S —Wake Forest students go to war . . . the S.A.T.C. (Student Army Training Corps) . . . Utley the athlete . . . clubs, clubs, clubs . . . erection of the Baptist Church . . . the hooded hazers . . . football finds its place for good . . Old Gold and Black makes initial appearance . . . Doctor Tom. . . .

On the national scene . . . Wilson and "make the world safe for democracy" . . . Irving Berlin . . . woman suffrage . . . vaudeville . . the Castle Walk . . . Clara Bow, the "IT" girl . . . Kaiser Bill. . . .



1920'S—Dear Old Wake Forest . . . "Billy"
Potent steps down . . . Gaines elected president
. . . Dr. Sledd . . . Fräts legalized . . . Bostwick

 Hall built . . . Bryan named Dean . . . Rabenhorst and Greason star for Wake . . . Gore field constructed . . . Golden Bough established

The Roaring twenties . . . prohibition . . . isolationism . . . Tea Pot Dome Scandal . . . charleston . . . Main Street . . . Rudolph Valentino . . . Stock market crash . . . Hoover-Smith . . . Sacco-Vanzetti. . . .



1930'S—Wake Forest celebrates her centennial... the firebugs have a field-day... Peahead makes his entrance... Dr. Kitchin becomes president... Omicron Delta Kappa established... Fraternities get a dorm...

In the national limelight . . . Franklin D. Roosevelt . . New Deal . . . The Lindberg case . . . Gone With The Wind . . . Jean Harlow . . . W.P.A. . . . Bread Lines . . . Shirley Temple . . . Bing Crosby. . . .



1940's—The days of the coed . . . years of war . . Army Finance School . . . Smith Reynolds offer . . . Bowman Gray moves . . . Magnolia festivals . . Little Theater . . . Tassels . . Phi Beta Kappa arrives . . . Wake builds a chapel . . The voice of Wake Forest . . . Groves Stadium dedicated . . . Lois Johnson Dormitory . . .

Atomic age . . . flying saucers . . . United Nations . . . Communism . . . Rita . . . Forever Amber . . . The Snake Pit . . . Truman. . . .



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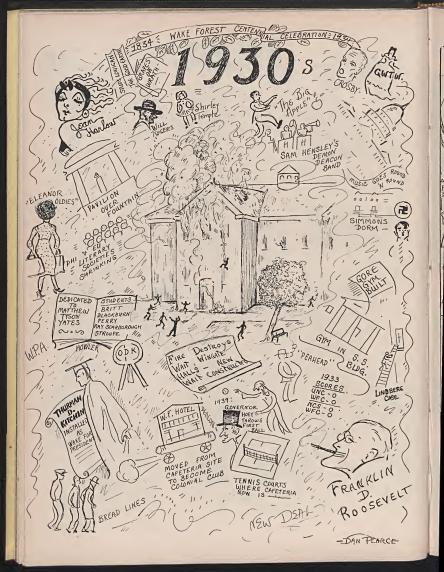
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THE HAZ



Hooded hazers enter room of "newish" late at night and at ack him. This freshman's violent resistance will only lead him into more trouble.

Z ING STORY

Wake Foresters of the last decade and a half know little of the hooded hazers who once terrorized the campus. They have not known the fear of blacking gangs who broke down doors, dragged unsuspecting freshmen from their beds in the late hours of the night, and heaped degrading mental and bodily indignities upon them. Nor have they had to go to class with shorn heads that announced to all that they had been unlucky victims of the cunning sophomores and upperclassmen.

The days when that sort of thing happened are gone forever, and the story of hazing has joined the ranks of those labeled "once upon a time."

But such was not always the case. It took the Wake Forest student body many long, laborious years to grow up. During those dark years a freshman, or newish as he was once called. counted for very little on the campus other than to be the handy target of jibes or the butt of pranks devised by the crafty sophomores and upperclassmen. Now all that is changed. Freshmen today are immediately accepted with full equality into the Wake Forest family without any prior testing or initiatory hocus pocus. They are a fortunate group - fortunate to be members of a student body too mature as a group to tolerate the senseless and infantile custom of hazing.

How the present situation grew out of a hazing system as objectionable as the one that existed, is the story of a student body which, by an accumulation of resentment, saw the fallacy of hazing and resolved to rid the campus of it.

The most unsavory aspect of hazing at Wake Forest was the

lead

activity of blacking gangs, hooded groups of haircutting hazers, whose methods were as effective as those adopted by the Ku Klux Klan after the Civil War. The "blackers" stood vigil to insure that no freshman, or upperclassmen in some instances, rose with impunity above the low station traditionally reserved for them. Newish here were once truly a group to be seen and not heard.

They were reminded often enough of their place. Upper-classmen wouldn't let them forget, but constantly dropped warnings to them to keep out of harm's way. Many hapless freshman have shuddered to the tune of a little melody "O you baldfaced newish, you better lie low if you ever want to be a sophomore." Another little ditty, sung in a whining lift to groups of passing freshmen was:

"Newish come to college— Fresh, Fresh, Fresh. To stick his nose in knowledge— Fresh. Fresh."

Often this tune was whistled in cadence with the pace of strolling freshman. If the step was quickened, the tempo of the whistle was upped to match the pace so that they had to walk in time with the tune.

Sometimes freshmen knew about the existence of blacking gangs on the campus before they entered school here. Those who had no foreknowledge learned soon after arriving that unless a freshman was amenable to the milder forms of hazing, he would likely turn up one morning shorn of his hair and his face blackened with a compound of shoe dye, glue, and often a quantity of silver nitrate. This latter ingredient was not always used, and at other times it alone was used according to the temperament of the hazers.

Not all freshmen fell victim to blacking gangs. Those who



The blacking gang goes to work by smearing face of victim with silver nitrate.



Hooded man at left reads the newish's offenses, while his masked cohorts administer various degrees of torture.

performed goodnaturedly what was required by the gangs usually escaped blacking. Traditionally a shirt-tail parade was an annual affair. Soon after school opened all the freshmen, or as many as could be rounded up, were brought together clad only in shirt tails or pajamas and made to wind a serpentine trail around the campus, each man holding onto the shirt tail of the man in front of him. The parade usually ended with every freshman present making his dash through a belt line which often served up a few buckles.

It was customary, too, for

freshmen to go into a song and dance routine at the command of any upperclassman. Freshmen were also errand boys for the upperclassmen, and were forever being ordered out of bed late at night to fetch something from town. All freshmen were expected to have respect for their elders, and in the days when hats were the vogue, freshmen had to doff their headgear to all upperclassmen they met and say "sir."

There were also rat courts and harmless hazing parties held in the freshman sections of the dormitories. And for the most part hazing never went beyond such practices which had some degree of initiatory value. It was blacking and haircutting that aroused resentment and engendered strong distaste for hazing in all its forms here. Blacking activities to often went beyond mere hazing activities and became a method of venting personal animus.

For some, a blacking treatment was inevitable, regardless of how diligent they were not to show themselves above the low place assigned the newish. A neat, colorful dresser stood in extreme peril of blacking, especially if he wore colored socks or flashy ties and shaved daily. A student too successful in school work was almost assured of a midnight visit, and a freshman who rose to prominence in extra-curricular activities, too, was a marked man. Out-of-state students and transfers from other schools were put on the spot automatically.

This personal motivation behind blacking and haircutting raids extended even to upper-classmen, many of whom became victims because some member of a gang didn't like them and wanted them humiliated. In this connection blacking far exceeded boys-will-beboys proportions.

A potential victim never knew when he was due for a treatment. The resulting suspense sometimes reached a Sleepy Hollow pitch. For one feeling his time near it was a terrifying experience to cross the campus alone on a starless night when low hanging clouds scudded slowly across the sky, now revealing, now concealing a pale

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moon. Every rustle of leaves or snap of a twig made the breast tighten. The solitary stroller would glance quickly from one side of the path to the other, and the hoot of an owl would make him hasten his steps. Bushes and tree trunks seemed to take on human form and the least movement of a nearby bush by the breeze was enough to cause him to break into a run.

But running was useless, for once it was decided that a certain newish was to be a victim nothing short of dropping out of school could save him. The blackers worked out their plans with the precision of Chicago gangsters.

Organization lay behind the success of the blacking gangs. Each raid was planned in detail beforehand. Word was circulated that this was the night a certain freshman's hair must fall, the signal for the boys to come together for briefing. Each man was assigned a particular duty, and a time schedule was worked out. If the job was to be accomplished in the open by

ambush, as many were, a confederate was planted among the victim's circle of friends to discover the best way to lead him to the proper spot at the proper moment.

Sometimes the raid took place within the victim's dormitory or rooming place. A man was stationed at the light switch to snap out all the lights at the precise time. Then under cover of darkness, a detail of four or five masked men rushed the victim's room. If the door was locked, it was broken open. The plan of the room had already been studied, and each raider knew just how the furniture was arranged and where the victim slevt unawares.

Each man knew his job well. Two usually hit the victim low and held his legs fast; two more would hit him high and pin down his arms. Another, usually the leader, then trimmed off the victim's hair with a pair of barber's hand clippers. If the prey put up much resistance he was brought into line by a few whacks on the head with a cake of soap in the end of a sock. The shearing finished, the blacking compound was smeared thoroughly over the victim's

The whole operation was performed so quickly that ther was little time for raising organized resistance. The gang, having finished its work, would steal out into the night and quickly disperse, leaving no trail.

The methods used by the gangs varied according to the nature of the victim, the number of men available to do the job, the place of the raid, and the degree of zeal behind the enactment of it. The raiders didn't always go hooded or masked, nor did they black the faces of victims every time. Often a raid was stymied in its inception, but sooner or later a niception, but sooner or later a

(Continued on page thirty)



The almost unconscious "newish" is dropped to the ground where his attackers will leave him. The hooded terrors have just finished knocking him against the tree.

Fifty Years of P

W AKE FOREST College's athletics, a slow starter on this magnolia covered campus in early years, have since blossomed forth into a colorful and successful program in the past fifty years. The Baptist institution participated in its first intercollegiate contest on October 18, 1888 at the State Fair Grounds in Raleigh. Wake Forest and the University of North Carolina met in the State's first football game that year.

One of the most unusual accounts of a football game appeared in the November issue of The Wake Forest Student of that year. It was written about that first game and present-day readers of the sports pages would probably be interested in the story so we are printing it in full.

"The event of the session, so far, was the game of football between Chapel Hill and Wake Forest, Thursday of Fair Week, at the Raleigh Fair Grounds. Our team had had their ball only three days and were sadly out of practice. Nevertheless, when they appeared on the grounds in their neat new uniforms, they created a most favorable impression and loud and continued cheering rent the air. The first game (quarter) resulted in favor of the Chapel Hill team, owing to the fact that our boys played under two new rules and had the disadvantage in position of their goal. The next game our boys went at it with a vim, caught on to their opponents' dodges and won the game (quarter) in short time. The third game (quarter) was simply a repetition of the second. Our boys were favorably impressed with the gentlemanly conduct of their opponents and expressed their complete satisfaction with the decisions of Mr. William Wynne, of Raleigh, who kindly umpired the game." (Note: the writer never did tell the final score of the game but Wake Forest won 6 to 4).

That athletic contest between Wake Forest and Carolina started teams in this state off to a glorious history in intercollegiate athletics. Today the University of North Carolina, Duke University, North Carolina State College, and Wake Forest, all located within a radius of 35 miles are competing on par with the best teams in other sections of the country in virtually every sport. When any of these teams meet one

another in any of the leading sports (football, baseball, track, etc.), they almost always play before capacity crowds.

But we are getting ahead of our story now, so we'll go back to those early years in sports at Wake Forest. Enthusiasm for football grew by leaps and bounds on the Wake Forest campus following that first game, despite the fact that the faculty had a regulation against playing ball of any kind here in this little village. Students were regularly reported for "playing ball on the campus," often many of them, and were given five, ten, and twenty-five demerits each in the vain effort

In its 62 year-old athletic history Wake Forest College has had three athletes who attained the highest of honors in their particular sport—All America.

Paddison (Pat) Preston, one of Wake Forest's all-time football greats, was sected on several No. 1 All-Imerica elevens during the 1943 season. Preston is now doing an excellent job as a member of the varsity football coaching staff. Charlie Teague, one of the greatest collegiate infielders in North Carolina annals, is a two-time All-Imerica. He was named to the first All-Imerica baseball team





emon Deacons

By TOM BOST, JR.

to stop it, until finally the faculty gave up their fierce determination to have their rule obeyed.

In November, 1888, Wake Forest played a second contest -an abbreviated one quarter affair with A. & M. College (N. C. State) and was defeated. Then on Saturday, November 24, the A. & M. team came to Wake Forest and four games (quarters) were played, all of which Wake Forest won, making four points.

In the fall of 1889 Wake Forest played four games. The Baptists beat Carolina 18 to 8 and Richmond College 32 to 14 but lost to Trinity 8 to 4 and to the University of Virginia 32 to 4. The games with Virginia and Richmond were played on successive days, December 9 and 10 and there was an admission of only 25 cents, a far cry from today's prices to athletic contests.

In spite of the fact interest in football continued to flourish among the students at Wake Forest, the trustees voted that the sport be abolished in June, 1890, and there were no games played during that year. However, the students continued to play match games. On December 5, 1890, the faculty voted not to allow the students to play these match games. A week later the students petitioned the faculty to be allowed to plow the football field but the petition was not granted. However, on January 16, 1890, the faculty decided to suspend the football regulations and allow the team to play the University of North Carolina on February 14, but the game was never played.

Only one game was played during the 1891 season and that was never completed. On October 30 of that year the faculty gave permission for the team to meet Carolina at Raleigh on November 10. This developed into a hotly contested game but when the second half was only a few minutes old, the University refused to take, a penalty and forfeited the game to Wake Forest, although Carolina was leading 6-4 at the time the penalty was imposed.

In the fall of 1892 Wake Forest played a schedule of only four games, all of which were played out of the state. With only 13 men, Wake Forest attempted something that would be unheard of today-played four games in as many days. On October 21 Wake Forest and V.M.I. played a 12-12 tie at Lexington. On the following day the Baptists met Washington and Lee and won 16 to 0. On October 23 the team went to Richmond for a contest with Richmond College and won 22 to 0. Then came the University of Tennessee on October 24 and the North Carolinians won 10-6 That season of 1892 is the only undefeated year in Wake Forest's history, although there was the tie with V.M.I.

Three games were played in 1893 and the most amazing thing about that season was an almost unbelievable 64 to 0 victory over the University of Tennes-(Continued on page thirty-one)

chosen in 1949 by the American Association of College Baseball Coaches, He made the same team again following the 1950 season.

Gene Hooks, the brilliant third baseman of the Deacons, was also selected on the No. 1 All-America team chosen by the American Association of College Baseball Coaches.

In fact, Wake Forest is the only team in the Southern Conference that has ever been represented on the No. 1 All-America baseball team.





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THE CONSTANT AND



Charles E. Taylor



W. L. Poteat



I. F. Lanneau



B. F. Sledd

When one considers the fact that the aggregate service of five men in 1938 was 235 years, he is no longer shocked that anyone who has been with the faculty less than thirty years is still considered a "youngster."

Throughout its history, Wake Forest College has constantly demonstrated a certain power to attract to its faculty men who are willing to devote a lifetime to its service. It is this element of devotion which has insured a continuity of policy and created a constancy of purposes, traditions, and cultural ideals.

These faithful men, the constant and the true, are the great ones who live even after death by merit of a lifetime's work. In the hearts of the thousands of alumni who pass under their instruction, these scholars transcend their positions as professors to become great men as necessarily a part of the college and its history as the oaks in front of the chapel are intrinsically a part of the campus.

Taylor Brought Magnolias

Looking back from the midcentury to the year 1900, we find the tradition of long tenure already well established. Dr. Charles E. Taylor had already been president of the college

since 1884 and a professor of Latin, German, and moral philosophy since 1870. Thus he had already contributed thirty years in service to the college. When he resigned as president in 1905, he continued to teach for ten years more as an inspiring professor of exceptional ability. As a president and a scholar, Taylor sought constantly to improve the curriculum and to secure the means for adding new courses. As a lover of the school, he sought to beautify the campus. It was in his administration that the stone wall enclosing the campus was begun and curving pattern of the walks laid out. It was Dr. Taylor who brought the various trees, especially the magnolias, to the campus as another part of his improvement program.

Royall, the Gentleman

During Taylor's administration there were other men whose names have become linked with that of Wake Forest and all for which it stands. To many students, there was no finer gentleman than William Bailey Royall who for more than sixty-two years was a professor of Greek and head of the department. A sure and sinces scholar, Dr. Royall is more often remembered as being a gentleman, Christian to the point of saintliness. In a time fraught with religious controversy, Dr. Royall kept a constant faith, tolerant and free from every kind of bigotry.

Old Slick

Dr. Benjamin Sledd, one of the colorful personalities of our history, came to the college in 1888 as a professor of modern languages. Having taught in the English department as a supply professor in 1893, he was made a professor in that field upon demand of the student body. Dr. Sledd continued in the department until his retirement in 1938 after fifty years of colorful teaching.

A man of broad literary knowledge himself, Sledd in stilled in his students a deep love for literature, culture and beauty. Although Old Slick, as he was called, was primarily a scholar and a professor, he was also a creative writer. In an autobiographical letter written in 1929, he wrote of his own work with characteristic modesty and wit:

"My work in literature has not set the world on fire, although I am proud of it in a modest way. In 1899, I published From Cliff and



W. A. Cullom

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W. B. Royall



J. H. Gorrell



N. Y. Gulley

Scaur,' and in 1902, 'The Watchers of the Hearth.' Both volumes (collections of verse) were kindly treated by the critics and brought me some reputation and less money.''

It is true that he achieved no personal immortality in literature; he was known locally, however, as a poet by his publications and his contributions to THE STUDENT magazine.

Dr. Billy

Another inimitable personage with the college at the turn of the century was Dr. William L. Poteat, better known in legends as "Dr. Billy." In 1900, Poteat had been a faculty member since 1878 when he was a tutor. By 1883, he had become a full-fledged professor of natural history. It is believed that Dr. Poteat's undergraduate laboratories were the first in the South to have a general use of the microscope-an instrument which at that time was usually entrusted only in professional hands.

As a scholar he was universal in his interests, possessing the well-known Poteat versatility. From Baylor, North Carolina, Brown and Duke universities, he received the Doctor of Laws degree. A student of language and literature, he received the degree of Doctor of Literature from Mercer University.

Dr. Billy served in a wide variety of administrative capacities: keeper of the rolls, secretary of the faculty, clerk of the church, curator of the library, faculty representative on the editorial staff of The STUDENT, and from 1905 to 1927, president of the college.

One of the stories about Dr. Poteat has it that in his later years, his students took advantage of the mellowness of his old age by taking what they thought were unnoticed cuts. The stunning blow came one day when Dr. Billy upon calling the roll and finding that there was no answer to one student's name, looked up and with the matchless Poteat spirit said, "What's the matter? Doesn't that boy have any friends in this class?"

The death of Dr. Billy in 1938 ended fifty-five years of unparalleled service to Wake Forest.

Spirit of Hard Work

In the forty-five years of Dr. J. H. Gorrell is seen the spirit of hard work and self sacrifice. He entered the college faculty staff in 1895 as a professor of modern languages. On assum-

ing control of the department, he remained as its leader until his retirement in 1939. Gorrell apparently carried the most of the department work, teaching twenty-four recitations a week consisting of French, German, and Spanish classes. Records do not show that he even had a student assistant until 1913.

Dr. Gorrell was also active in other affairs of the college. He kept a record of the improvements made on the campus by Dr. Taylor; he supervised the erection of the Alumni building which lacked a contractor: he served on numerous committees. Gorrell also found time to be a prolific contributor to THE STUDENT, his work consisting mainly of brief sketches, the titles of which range from a scholarly one such as "Did Milton Invent his Comus" to a comparatively tame "Holiday in France."

In the physics department at the turn of the century was John F. Lanneau who had been an instructor in physics, applied mathematics, and astronomy since 1890. Professor Lanneau's outstanding contribution as scholar was in the field of astronomy. A trained astronomer, he wrote and published in vari-(Continued on page tuenty-nine)

28 YEARS IN THE I



Dr. D. B. Bryan

Our Dean

E DEAN'S CHAIR.

N INETEEN-FIFTY marks the 28th year that Dr. Daniel Bunyan Bryan has occupied the Dean's chair. During those twenty-eight years he has witnessed a passing parade of life on the Wake Forest campus. Now serving with his fourth president, Dean Bryan has had more to do with the shaping and administering of the policies of the Wake Forest of today than his modest manner would lead you to believe. He has conceived and helped activate many projects which have been of immense value to the college: and, when problems have arisen. he had faced them courageously and taken them in his stride.

But Dr. Bryan has perhaps performed his greatest service by playing a major role in the education and guidance of eight generations of Wake Forest students. Through the years timid and disconsolate freshman have found in him a warm-hearted and sympathetic adviser and friend, but students who did some unworthy thing have found him stern and fearless in executing his duty.

In personal conferences with those students who flock to his office, he employs the Socratic method and causes them to answer their own questions. "I want to go home this weekend, and will have to miss three classes," a student will tell him. "Dean, can you make it all right with the Committee on Absences?" Dean Bryan has never yet given a "yes" or "no" answer to that sort of question. Instead he will ask the student why he wants to go home and if, in his judgment, the reason is of sufficient importance to warrant his missing classes. After weighing the facts, he tells the student to use his best judgment and to state his case in writing for the consideration of the Committee on Absences.

During his years as Dean, Dr. Bryan has seen many changes come about, both in administration and in the students themselves. He has noted many differences between students of today and those of twenty-eight vears ago. He has found them vounger on the average, and being thus, less intensely motivated. They appear to have a wider range of general information and tend to be more cultivated in social qualities, but seem less prepared in languages and mathematics.

When questioned about the differences in conduct of present students and those of the past few decades, Dean Bryan readily admits that the present generation is less mischievous.

"Students are now less given to uncouth types of 'herse play' than their predecessors. They are also more cooperative in social life." And he adds, "This change is probably due to wider more satisfying types of extra-curricular activities. And



The Dean speaks at a Pep Rally.

then too, student organizations are better managed."

Having served as dean of the college during two world wars, Dean Bryan has had the opportunity of observing differences in the veterans of both when they returned to school. Recognizing that the veterans of War II were in service longer, and traveled more, he believes that this experience has matured them and made them more purposeful. He feels that they are more conscious of social values and obligations, and thus have lessened the per cent of student problems in the area of disci-

"Perhaps this is why a greater per cent of the last war's veterans have assumed family obligations than did the boys who fought in World War I."

There is never a day that passes but what some student finds himself walking through the door to the dean's office in search of advice. Perhaps his visit is to discuss a change of curriculum, to learn of requirements for certain professional or business objectives, to talk over financial difficulties, or in some cases to disclose some problem of romance.

But whatever the problem, trivial or of great significance, Dean Bryan is always willing to listen, and to offer his assistance either in sound advice or a workable solution.

In those years spent behind the dean's desk he has heard a varied a so rt men to f' sad stories," and during that time the unusual has almost become the usual. Every year some situations are brought before him that are as new to him as they are to the students.

He has seen history repeat itself, as he once again goes (Continued on page thirty-four)

The Uke THESE BOWED OUT BUT C



SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES

With one little ditty, Arthur Godfrey brought the Uke back.... Back chiefly to the college campus where its resurrection made popular such scenes as the one shown.

DO, DO, DO, THE CHARLESTON



With one little ditty, Arthur Godfrey brought the Uke back. . . . Back chiefly to the college campus where its resurrection made popular such scenes as the one shown.

THEY CAME . . . THEY SAW . . . THEY CONQUERED

F OR TEN YEARS now, the high-way marker on the east side of the campus which reads: "Wake Forest College, North Carolina Baptist college for men" has been giving tourists the wrong impression of Wake Forest. For on January 23, 1951, Wake Forest College will have ended its first "decade of coeds."

In January, 1941, the doors of the 107-year-old men's school were officially opened to women undergraduates who had completed their first two years of college work. The Trustees, fearing that Wake Forest would have to close for the war years because of the large number of men being called into the armed forces, believed that the enrollment problem could be solved by admitting coeds to the col-

Therefore, in January, 1941,



Miss Evabelle Simmons, Wake Forest's first coed.

BY CAROL OLDHAM



three girls registered to become the first real Wake Forest coeds. However, they were not actually the first women students. For years, daughters of professors had been allowed to attend the school in their junior and senior years, and in 1940 a new ruling permitted prof's daughters to enter during their freshman year. Even before that women could "sit in on classes," although they received no credit for their work. In fact, as early as 1894. Wake Forest's first coed. Miss Evabelle Simmons, completed the required work for a degree.

But the coming of the first non-resident coeds was heralded as a new day for the College by the men students. The
1942 Howler puts it this way,
"The word Invasion could have
been used conveniently to describe the general world situation in 1942, but here at Wake
Forest, the consensus was that
never would it be possible for
the term to be employed in connection with any situation on
the campus or in town. BUT
EVERYBODY HAS BEEN
WRONG.

"At the beginning of last year, women began infiltration, and although they did not literally overflow the buildings and grounds, the mere fact that there were more than a half dozen townswomen made the whole situation appear like a swarm, buzzing over the here-tofore calm bachelory that was Wake Forest. Never before had a Deacon been compelled by any qualms of conscience to wear a necktie or shave more than once a week, except when there was a dance or women coming. And there you have it! Women! They were the underlying cause of most of the particularities of dress and the tension in speech,

"And then the fateful day in January—not the fatal day, because most Wake Forest men, once they were orientated to the new circumstances reconsidered and were glad when the trustees officially declared that coeds could enter without special permission."

There was opposition at first
—antagonism toward this "radical" idea that would change
Wake Forest forever. But when
the real motive was revealed—
that without the admission of
women, there might not even
be a Wake Forest in a few years

—the students were reconciled. Gradually the invaders subdued the vanquished. The whole affair calmed down to a certain degree of naturalness. The Wake Forest coed became a term. Somebody changed the highway marker to "For men and women." Plans were made to renovate Bostwick Hall for the newcomers. And in the minds of many the 107-year-old Wake Forest College became the cosmopolitan University of Wake Forest.

The beginning of co-education



The unusual has become the usual. A few decades ago this picture of the girls going to class would have been perfect for a "Picture of the Month," but today coeds are taken for granted.



In the "good of days," the boys had to make trips to the Baptist University, Oxford, and Louisburg to visit the young ladies, but today they merely walk across the campus to Bostwick and Johnson. "Good of days" indeed!

at Wake Forest brought with it the first dean of women. Miss Lois Johnson, the largest number of Coeds vet to enroll (48), and the Army Finance School arrived almost simultaneously. No one had been exactly expecting the 1,200 soldiers who descended upon Wake Forest, but when they took over Bostwick, the gym, and Simmons, (Wacs were housed there), the 18 nonresident coeds and Miss Johnson were placed in Mrs. Roy Powell's house on Faculty avenue. Life here, Miss Johnson relates, was rather like life in a sorority house. The only bad thing about the Powell house was the long hikes to and from the campus. One enterprising coed mathematically figured that every Wake Forest coed walked (Continued on page thirty-six)

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23 Skiddoo

Jennette Moore

FIFTY YEARS AGO

(Continued from page four)
one we "blushingly" reprint
here.

"Mary had a little lamp, A jealous lamp, no doubt. For soon as Mary's beau went in.

The lamp, you see, went out." (Tch! Tch!)

And even in the good old days the editors were begging for contributors.

"There are men at Wake Forest who can write and who ought to write, but who, either from a lack of interest or heavy college duties, fall in this duty."

Eds. note: And we're still begging.

Personal: "To the delight of her many friends on the hill, Miss Janie Taylor has returned from the Baptist Female University. But every sweet has its bitter; Miss Mary Taylor leaves us for the University."

THE CONSTANT AND THE TRUE

(Continued from page twenty-one) ous periodicals frequent articles. It was through his influence that a telescope was made to order and mounted in the observatory on top of Lea Laboratory.

Law School Founder

No resume of the men who were serving at the outset of the twentieth century would be complete without Needham Y. Gulley, founder of the law school. In 1938 Dr. Gulley retired after forty four years, a period in which he instructed some of the most outstanding lawyers in our state today. The college remembers with pride how during the war when the law school faculty was understaffed, Dr. Gulley came out of retirement to teach as vigorously and enthusiastically as ever.

The years have gone. The

century has come to the halfway mark. The oaks have increased their girth. The magnolias have grown to full majesty, their dark trunks mottled by grey-green lichens. Dr. Taylor's walks are bricked now, and there are new buildings replacing the old ones destroyed by fire and new buildings erected to take care of the growing student body. These menthe constant and true-have died. But their dreams, their hopes, their ideals have met with no disaster because they passed on the willingness of selfdevotion to other, younger men -men who now in a period of transition are seeking to maintain the height of cultural ideals and the constancy of tradition given them by an earlier era.

Three professors emeriti are with with us: Dr. W. R. Cullom, who retired in 1938 after forty-two years of outstanding work in religion; James L. Lake, for thirty years professor of physics; Dr. G. W. Paschal who for thirty-nine years taught Latin and Greek but who will be remembered for his valuable work, History of Wake Forest College.

Years of Service

On the active staff there are names that are familiar to older members of our families that have come to the land of magnolias, ideals and scholarship. There are personalities that having been connected with the college thirty years and longer and have in our own time acquired nicknames and legends to be passed on to each new crop of freshmen.

These same freshmen are soon introduced to the quiet dignity of the man in the bursar's office, Mr. Earnshaw who has served in that capacity for forty-four years. They soon learn that the white-haired gentleman with the umbrella and the gray hat is Doctor E. W. Timberlake, or "Toe"

Timberlake, of the law school. And when some of the alumni at home ask if Dr. Jones of the math department is still teaching, the freshmen are somewhat alarmed to find out that someone has devoted a lifetime to equations and symbols.

There are the men whose very bearing reflects the dignity of the institution. There is Dr. Hubert Poteat who has kept alive the spirit on the campus created by his father and long known as the spirit of Poteat. There is Dr. T. D. Kitchin who has just retired as president but who is still serving Wake Forest as a professor in the biology department. And in the philosophy department is Dr. A. C. Reid, scholar and author of several inspirational books as well as the textbook used here in the introductory psychology course.

For some of the professors, this year marks their promotion from the "youngster" category. In the math department, J. G.



Carroll has acquired the name of "Pop." In Wait Hall is Dr. D. B. Bryan, professor of education and dean of the college, who never seems to be too busy to ask the bewildered student, "What's your problem?" In the physics department is Dr. William E. (Bill) Speas about whom there are as many legends as there are sophomores to tell them.

Another character of legendary fame is Dr. C. C. "Skinny" Pearson, social science scholar. Until students actually register for his courses, they find it hard to believe the countless stories about the little man whose quiet voice keeps his classes at perfect attention and whose enigmatic pops cause students to spend chapel period intent upon government assignments. Dr. Pearson, who for thirty-four years has been head of the social science department, is a scholar respected by distinguished men.

Newcomers in the near future to the realm of the constant and the true are: Charles Black of the chemistry department, who has taught here for twentyeight years; Forrest Clonts, social science professor since 1925; Henry Broadus Jones of the English department, a twenty-six-year-man already legendary for an apparently endless number of charts and for his Shakespeare classes; and Ora C. Bradbury of the biology department whose name to pre-meds has come to be synonymous with "Chordate."

So it is that in the midst of the century as at its beginning, the college is still retaining scholarly, faithful men whose devotion and whose self-sacrifice will hold fast the spirit, the traditions and the ideals in the face of the great physical change to come. Their constancy will insure the greatness of Wake Forest's future. These devoted men—they are the great ones, the constant and the true.

THE HAZING STORY

(Continued from page seventeen) second attempt would be successful.

Haircutting and blacking raids became so prevalent at one time that freshmen began to go armed. Many of them wouldn't venture out of doors after dark without pistols, guns, or blackjacks. Others kept firearms of some kind in their rooms.

This show of armed defiance on the part of freshmen only added to the determination of blackers to prove that their missions could be carried out despite weapons. The raiders retaliated by arming themselves. Many began to discover what it was like to be taken from behind and startled by a deep-voiced "Stick 'em up."

That someone would get hurt was bound to result from such a situation. No one was killed, but two raiders are known to have been wounded in the course of a blacking escapade, one in the wrist and another in the abdomen. On several occasions the stillness of the night was broken by the crack of pistol shots in the air as some freshman attempted to scare off a band of blackers.

Lethal violence was the exception, however. Usually there was little violence at all except for a brief struggle in subduing a victim. Often a victim would submit to treatment good naturedly without any resistance whatsoever and laugh about it the next day, glad to get it over. It was rare for one to fall prev to a blacking gang twice.



It is not known exactly when the practice of blacking and cutting hair sprang up on the campus. Its origin became lost somewhere along the line, and unfortunately the practice became traditional. But from the very first evidences of it the administration did everything possible to wipe it out. Each instance of blacking was investigated in an effort to find out who participated. But convictions came hard because before the establishment of student government the administration often lacked the full cooperation of the student body.

However, when it was positively determined that a student had engaged in a blacking raid, he was expelled from school immediately. Nor did college officials ever sanction even the milder forms of hazing.

There were several kinds of blacking gangs which usually existed independently of one another. The least harmful was the type which was organized spontaneously for one particular night's work. That accomplished, the group would disband, never to function again. Another group might exist only one semester, or a year, at the end of which it would not be reorganized. The type which was responsible for the year-toyear recurrence of blacking was a sophomore group with an organization which each year recruited new members so that someone would be on hand the following year to carry on. In this way the idea and methods of the gangs were handed down and given impetus with each succeeding year.

By the winter of 1934, it was evident that the only way to wipe out hazing in all its forms was to expose the leaders and whip the rumblings against hazing within the student body into determined and active hostility to it.

The haircutters themselves

set the stage. In recent years before 1934 the practice of blacking had largely been dropped except for occasional use of silver nitrate. But that winter was one of steady haircutting. Just before Christmas an unprecedented crop of shiny domes appeared, the climax of three weeks of extensive shearing. These victims went home for Christmas holidays minus their hair. A stream of protest poured in upon the administration, letters, telegrams, and many threats of legal action.

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The administration, together with the student government, resolved to enter a concerted drive after the holidays to put an end to hazing once and for

The faculty executive committee and the student council began making investigations, taking confessions, and examining records. The whole search was kept out in the open. There was no need to make use of deceit or a spy system. Student coöperation was gratifying.

At a special meeting of the student body in chapel on January 6, 1935, Dean Bryan announced that the executive committee was making headway and would sit that night ready to listen to anyone who wanted "to come in and relieve his conscience." The result of that meeting wrote a major chapter in the history of Wake Forest College and set the scene for one of the most dramatic chapel meetings ever held.

At the same time Dean Bryan announced that he had received a special plea from a professed leader of a haircutting crew which he cited as ample proof of the highly organized nature of the gangs. After making a voluntary confession the leader asked: "If you let me stay here, I'll give you the names of the ring leaders in this hazing, and the list will include members of the student council. What's more, I'll guarantee that not

another lock of hair will fall during the rest of the year."

Another special meeting in chapel was held two days later on January 8, when Dean Bryan again addressed the thousand tense students who sensed that something momentous was about to occur. He began by saying: "Go to your rooms, men. Get out your guns and black-jacks from your drawers and send them off this campus. You will no longer have to sleep first in one room, then another, to avoid the hooded hazers who have terrorized this campus."

Because rumors were abroad that certain football stars were implicated, Jim Weaver, then head coach, took the floor and said: "I am willing to see my best men expelled if by so doing haircutting will be stamped out of Wake Forest. I have observed every form of hazing in colleges over the United States, but never have I heard of a practice so humiliating to the victim, so down right brutal, as that of haircutting."

Dr. Kitchin in his speech said.
"I deplore the presence on his
campus of politics and gangster
tactics straight from Chicago.
Haircutters suffer from an inferiority complex and are driven
to hazing in order to bolster up
a faltering self-respect. We
should get rid of such undesirables if we have to ship a hundred men. The spirit of lawlessness, of shorn heads is the sworn
brother of lynch law."

Then twenty-seven men rose from their front row seats, turned, faced their fellowstudents and pleaded guilty to haircutting. Each made a speech of apology and gave his promise never to engage in hazing activities again.

There was a strained pause and silence after the confessions. Dean Bryan rose again and asked those to stand who would support a resolution to stamp out hazing. The entire student body rose to their feet, a thousand strong.

The twenty-seven guilty ones were allowed to stay in school on the strength of their promise. Dean Bryan, reassured by such coöperation, made a prophesy which the ensuing years have borne out. He said that by the determination of the thousand assembled students, hazing could not exist during the coming four year student generation. And he added that if there was no recurrence during that period, the administration could guarantee that the pernicious practice would be eliminated forever.

From that day to this the Wake Forest campus has been happily minus any traces of malicious hazing. Instead energy has been directed toward the furtherance of traditional friend-liness which is so eminently connected with the privilege of admission to Wake Forest College.

50 YEARS OF DEMON DEACONS

(Continued from page nineteen) see, one of the top teams in the nation during the past decade. In other games that year, 'Wake

DICK FRYE'S

The Quickest Service in Town

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Featuring:

Collegiate Special 55c

Forest was beaten by Trinity College 12 to 6 and by Carolina 40 to 0. These three games, rather than any action of the Trustees, proved fatal to football at Wake Forest.

Football Revived Again

However, despite the strong opposition to the sport, the reinstitution of football at Wake Forest was inevitable as early as 1906. Probably the one thing that had more influence on the return of football than anything else was the growing interest in football in the high schools of the state. Some of these high school stars would normally have gone to Wake Forest, but the college had to look on helplessly while one class of students, and that the best class physically, was going to other institutions.

However, in the fall of 1906, students coming to Wake Forest from the high schools where football was being played, began to hold intramural games with teams developed among themselves. The games drew many spectators and they cheered lustily for each team.

In the spring of 1908 Herbert Peele, now editor of the Elizabeth City Advance and then editor of The STUDENT, made a strong appeal to the Trustees for the reinstatement of football in an editorial. He wrote: "Why should Wake Forest students be longer the sissies among college men, tied to the apron strings of a too fond Alma Mater and held back from a sport that is manly and clean."

In response to this demand the Trustees at their meeting in May, 1908, authorized restoration of intercollegiate football at the college.

The 1908 team played five games, winning only one. The only victory was at the expense of Warrenton Prep School, 21-0. Two defeats were administered by N. C. State and one each by Carolina and Davidson. The first football coach after the restoration of the sport was A. P. Hall, Jr., of Pennsylvania.

It was not until the fall of 1921 that the faculty and Trustees assumed the financial responsi-

bility as well as full control of college athletics, in which they were to have the coöperation of an athletic association. Members of the athletic faculty have had full financial control but not individual financial responsibility of football for the past decade or more. In recent years revenues and expenses have grown tremendously and are now a part of the regular college budget. Many alumni now are regular contributors to the athletic program.

Wake Forest has made rapid strides in football since the restoration of football in 1908. The 1923-27 era was one of the most sucessful periods in the institution's history. Dur i ng those years Wake Forest beat Carolina and Duke four consecutive years and broke even in four games with N. C. State.

It was not until 1937 when Douglas Clyde (Peahead) Walker, the present coach, took over the coaching reins that Wake Forest achieved fame from a national standpoint. Perhaps the most important victory from a national angle was Wake Forest's stunning 19-6 upset victory in 1946 over the University of Tennessee, the nation's fourth ranking team at that time. Under Coach Walker's tutelage Wake Forest has defeated such highly rated teams as Tennessee, North Carolina, Duke, Georgia, Boston College, Georgetown, Maryland, Clemson, South Carolina, at least once or more. Against North Carolina, one of Wake Forest's foremost rivals, Walker's teams have almost broken even, winning six and losing seven. Wake Forest also enjoys an edge over N. C. State, and South Carolina and an even split with Clemson during the Walker regime. Duke has been the only Southern Conference team to beat Wake Forest with any degree of consistency, and the Deacons have beaten the Blue Devils for the



Nah! he ain't no spy, he's a columnist for the "Old Gold and Black."

past three years. The 1950 team which won 6, lost 1 and tied 2, is now regarded one of the best ever to represent this institution.

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Baseball Started in 1891

Baseball is the next oldest sport at Wake Forest and dates back almost 60 years. When football was inaugurated in 1888, there were students on the Wake Forest campus who played baseball among themselves. However, it was not until the spring of 1891 that the college took part in its first intercollegiate baseball game. This contest was between the University of North Carolina and Wake Forest and was played in May of that year in Raleigh. Wake Forest won in the 11th inning by a score of 10 to 7. Following this game interest picked up tremendously in baseball and there were regular intercollegiate contests every year thereafter. In the spring of 1892 two games were played here with Oak Ridge with each team winning once. A third game that season was scheduled with Carolina but was never played. Wake Forest had a pitcher named Quarles who had come to the institution from the Boston Braves. Carolina refused to play against Quarles and forfeited the game.

Wake Forest turned out some strong teams in 1893 and 1894. The catcher on these teams was Bob Stafford, who later after leaving Wake Forest, hit 89 home runs in one season for a Wisconsin league team. The strong 1894 team won 9 out of 10 games. Among the leading members of that team were T. E. Holding, pitcher; W. R. Powell, catcher; John Mills, shortstop; E. Yates Webb, outfielders; and Charles E. Taylor, Jr., shortstop and pitcher. Judge Webb of Shelby, a retired United States district judge, and Dr. Hubert A. Royster, prominent Raleigh surgeon, who is now retired are still living.

Baseball, too, had its ups and downs those years and it took many years of this sport for it to become well established at the college. Many stories were circulated among the people in the state of the evils of the sport. Stories of rowdy and drinking teams were rehearsed and all instances of their misbehavior in hotels and on trains were noted and learned by heart. It was also pointed out that baseball was a game in which players wasted a lot of time.

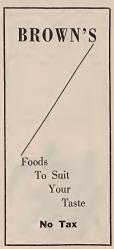
In 1904 Dr. George W. Paschal, a member of the faculty, was appointed manager of the team and it was his responsibility to see that the team was supplied with the proper equipment. During the same year J. R. Crozier, a member of the Atlanta professional team, became the first trainer of Wake Forest athletic teams, Crozier was also elected Director of Physical Culture by the Trustees and his duties also included giving instruction in gymnasium classes as well as serving as trainer for the various teams.

The old Athletic Field at the North end of town was used for contests in baseball, tennis, and football until the construction of Gore Athletic Field in 1922.

Wake Forest, Trinity, Introduced Basketball

While Wake Forest and the University of North Carolina enjoyed the joint distinction of introducing college football to this state, in 1888 Wake Forest also was one of the participants in the first basketball game ever played in North Carolina. On March 2, 1906 basketball teams representing Wake Forest and Trinity College met in the Angier Duke Gymnasium in Durham. Trinity was coached by the late W. W. (Cap) Card and Wake Forest by J. R. Crozier. Each team used only six players and the final score in favor of Wake Forest was 15 to 5, a striking contrast to the high-scoring, offensive - minded games of today. The same teams met in a return contest at Wake Forest several weeks later and the Baptist won again by a 24 to 10 score.

By putting a narrow gallery in the gymnasium and reserving the part of the main floor under it for seats. Coach Crozier provided for the accommodations of spectators for many years, although with the increase in the number of students and interest in the game the seating capacity soon proved inadequate. As long as he remained here, Wake Forest produced fine basketball teams and won several state championships around the beginning of the first World War. Even after Crozier left in 1917, Wake Forest continued to make good showings in basketball. The 1939 team probably gained more



national prestige than any other club since it represented the South in the annual N.C.A.A. tournament held at Philadelphia, Pa.

Made Name In Tennis

Although in recent years Wake Forest has made a rather mediocre showing in tennis there was a time when this institution ruled the roost in Dixie. Back in 1907 in the Southern Intercollegiate held at Atlanta, Wake Forest walked off with both the Southern singles and doubles championships. Elliott B. Earnshaw, now bursar of the college, and Dr. Hubert Poteat. versatile scholar, teacher, and musician, now on leave from the college faculty, won the doubles championship. Then the two squared off for the singles crown with Poteat winning in a wellcontested match. Between 1903 and 1907 Wake Forest played matches with Carolina, Trinity, Guilford, Elon and other institutions in the state and easily dominated the sport. In fact, the team dropped only one match in a period of five years.

First Track Meet in 1909

The first intercollegiate track meet in which Wake Forest ever participated was the annual State meet at Greensboro in 1909. Wake Forest won that meet with a team score of 35 points.

In 1913 Carl V. Tyner, now a well-known physician in Leaksville, was one of the



great trackmen of that day. Outstanding in the sprints and the broad and high jump, Tyner amassed a total of 75 points during that season. Interest in track waned during the first World War but Wake Forest became strong in track again in 1924 when the team took second place in the annual South Atlantic meet. Phil Utley, an outstanding all-round athlete at Wake Forest from 1909-14, became Wake Forest's first regular track coach in 1927 and has served in that capacity until his dath in June 1950.

Golf in 1933

Golf is still a young sport at Wake Forest in comparison with the others for it was not until 1933 that this institution competed in intercollegiate matches. During that first year, victories were gained at the expense of Rollins and N. C. State. Wake Forest has made a very creditable showing in this sport for a period of 15 years. However, starting in 1948 the linksmen began to make themselves known in a big way in national intercollegiate circles. The 1948 team won 10 matches and lost only one and Arnold Palmer, No. 1 ranking player, copped first place in the Southern Conference tournament. The strong 1949 club won 9 matches, lost 2 and 2 but was recognized as one of the best clubs in the entire south. Palmer again won the Conference individual title while the Wake Forest team was edged out by a scant single stroke for the Conference team crown. Palmer also won the medalist crown in the National Intercollegiate NCAA meet at Ames, Iowa, The 1950 club attained high national prestige. In the Southern Intercollegiates at Athens, Ga., Wake Forest defeated a highly favored North Texas State squad for the team championship. This same North Texas club later won the national NCAA championship with Wake Forest finishing in fifth place. Palmer won the Southern Intercollegiate individual crown and Wake Forest also won the Southern Conference team championship for the first time in history. Palmer again won medalist honors in the national NCAA meet at Albuquerque. New Mexico. The powerful 1950 sextet was composed of Palmer. Marvin Worsham, Mickey Gallagher, Raymond (Sonny) Harris, Frank Edens, Dick Tiddy,

Wake Forest has never been represented by teams in such sports as wrestling, lacrosse, fencing, soccer, and swimming although most of the other nearby colleges have been competing in most of these sports for several years.

All in all, Wake Forest has made an excellent over-all record in football, basketball, base-ball, track, tennis, and golf in the 62 years of athletic competition. The Demon Deacons, as all teams are nicknamed, are highly regarded in national circles and are generally listed well up among the leading major college and university teams in this country.

In closing this article, I would like to express my appreciation to Dr. George W. Paschal, professor emeritus of Greek, for the invaluable assistance provided in his History of Wake Forest College.

IN THE DEAN'S CHAIR

(Cont'd. from page twenty-three) about the task of writing letters of recommendations to local draft boards, and conferring with students as they drop out of school to go to war.

Probably the greatest change the dean has seen during his administration was the admission of women to this heretofore all male campus. Perhaps with the coming of the coeds, Dr. Bryan saw his boys assume differences in dress and manner, but he does not feel that the difference is as great as it is significant.

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"The presence of coeds has made decided contributions to certain student organizations such as dramatics, glee club, religious organizations, and others including athletic support. They have taken parts that could not have been so well done without them. I think. too, that their presence has created a more normal type of life on our campus. If this be true then it is a happy type of life. My observation is that they have stimulated the work in classes," and with a grin he adds, "Young women have a secret notion that they have superior minds to men. They work to convince themselves. Young men freely admit that they have superior minds to girls but generally they would rather admit it than to have to prove it. I think the relationship is healthy. I believe the young women are making a contribution to the total welfare and naturalness of college life."

It is natural that there would be certain major problems which appear from year to year. Sometimes they change, but usually there are one or two that reoccur time after time. Dean Bryan has had his share of such cases, but he feels that many of these problems are far less prevalent today than formerly. A quarter of a century ago one of the major problems in the conduct of students centered in the activities carried on under the name of "hazing." In comparison the college has now become a highly civilized community in which to live. There were more open evidences of drinking then than now, but the percentage of cheating cases is probably about the same. The Dean believes that the more varied and wholesome athletic program we have today, furnishes an outlet that is highly desirable in student life and the social health of the college.

One can well imagine that over a period of 28 years many incidents have occurred ranging from mild to hilarious comedy and to tragedies as well. Dean Bryan mentioned only one, but evidently it is his favorite.

"A young man and young lady called me out of a public exercise in the college one night to talk together with me about a problem. We arrived at a convenient place for our conference. Their breathing was noticeably heavy. Each of them wanted the other to tell me what they had come for. Finally the young man said, 'We are engaged. She has just told me tonight she let another young man kiss her once.' Well, I listened while the boy went on to tell me how unhappy this had made him, and that he didn't believe he could take one to the altar who had allowed such an experience. Both the boy and the girl were exceedingly agitated and were ready to call off the engagement. It was truly a frustration experience. I listened as they talked over the issues, and the girl described the innocent circumstances under which the kiss was stolen and gave assurance that it was only once. We finally agreed that the nobility on the part of the young man, and the honesty and frankness on the part of the young lady, who did not in the first place have to make the revelation, was a basis of sufficient confidence for them to build a home. I have never had an incident of this particular nature to come to my attention again."

Twenty-eight years in the dean's chair may seem a long time to those of us who have not yet known that many years, but to one who has spent that time in constant service to the college, and in keen observation of the ways of the students, it is not such a long time. The Dean probably regards as only yesterday that day in 1921, when decked with the degrees of the Universities of North Carolina, Columbia, and New York, he came to Wake Forest as Professor of Education and director of the Summer School.

Since 1923 he has filled the capacity of Dean . . . by far a longer period of service than any of his predecessors. He has been an indispensible man to the presidents he has served under, and always constant to the students he serves. Not at all the "glamour boy" type, he has been content to stand by his job and work unceasingly and intelligently at it. He is the last man who would claim credit for any of the major achievements of the College during his thirty years here, but those who have been around during this period know that, without any immodesty he could say, as did Aeneas before the Court of Dido: "All of this I saw, and a part of it I am"; in fact, he could say "a great part of it I am."

(The editor wishes to express sincere thanks to Prof. J. L. Memory who contributed greatly to the writing of this article.)



THEY COME, THEY SAW, THEY CONQUERED

(Cont'd. from page twenty-seven)
the distance to Boston every
week in 1944. The girls in Dr.
Hubert Poteat's Latin classes
really had the hardest time,
perhaps, because Dr. Hubert
lived directly across from the
coed's home, and he passed
off every unprepared assignment, with "Ah, yes, I saw you
go out with that soldier last
night."

I N 1942, THE WOMEN formed their Woman's Government Association, with Beth Perry, the first coed to register under the 1941 ruling, appropriately being named first president.

In 1943, the Coeds brought the Little Theater to Wake Forsets. Before the arrival of women, every effort to form an active campus dramatic group failed, but in 1942-43, four three act plays were produced. In fact, the first Little Theater production to be given on this campus was directed by a girl. All during the war years, the Little Theater was led by a girl president and girl directors.

But 1943-1944 was the year the girls really ran the campus. Freshmen coeds were allowed to enter for the first time. The Finance School had left, so



Coeds moved into Bostwick where they have remained ever since.

In 1944, the "old school" Wake Foresters must really have shuddered because the inner sanctuaries of Publications Row were no longer sacred to the masculine. Girls were editors, girls were business managers. But the lights still burned late at night, the Old Gold and Black came out every Friday and before the end of school, the Houler was off the press. Literary standards were maintained.

Martha Ann Allen and Betty Stansbury were editors of the college paper. Their biggest problem was keeping a business manager. They had three drafted right out from under them. The Howler had its first woman editor in 1944. When Bill Clark, who had been elected editor, was called to the army late in the summer, Lib Jones took over the job. Miss Jones never knew when her business manager or copy editors were going to be drafted either, and before the school year ended, girls had had to fill the shoes of several men, but The Howler appeared in May, and was later awarded an All-American rating.

In 1944, Who's Who tapped five coeds, Phi Beta Kappa elected coeds and for the first time, a senior commencement speaker was a coed. Well could Miss Johnson write in her annual report to the President of the College: "The coeds are holding their own in the classroom as well as in the extracurricular activities. It might be well to mention that whereas women students formed 14 per cent of the student body, they comprised 23 per cent of the Honor Roll for that period."

THE NEXT YEAR, 1945-46, 77 frosh coeds came to the college of the magnolias. Hunter, Bostwick, and two rented houses were filled. That year, the College administration decided

to build a women's dormitory below the gym. Hardly had the foundation holes been dug, however, when the Reynolds offer came and the consequent decision to move the college to Winston-Salem halted construction. Work had already progressed to such an extent on a new dorm for men that the authorities decided to complete it, and let the girls live there until Reynolda was built. Hence, a few changes in the blueprints converted the new structure into what is now the Lois Johnson Dormitory for Women.

Girls had taken over in virtually every field at Wake Forest by this time. In 1945, in fact, three girls "were singing tenor in the Glee Club."

But this female reign had almost disappeared by 1947. Returning vets took over most of the big positions coeds had held down during the war years, and the coeds remember 1947-48 mainly as the year "we got a woman's physical education director (Miss Marjoric Crisp), moved into the new dormitory, and had seven men for every coed enrolled at Wake Forest."

Although in 1947, the men again had taken over the reins in many campus organizations, the women students had definitely found their place at Wake Forest. Today every group on campus (except those limited strictly to men) has coed members. In 1949, the coeds entered the last field of activity left open to them—varsity debating.

THIS YEAR, IN the opinion of Miss Johnson, the coeds are probably enjoying their most outstanding year. The women are editors of the Howler, Student and Old Gold and Black. Coeds march in front of the band, they sing in the Glee Club, they play in the orchestra, they actively participate in the Sucieties, they serve on the Student Council,

MILLER'S CLEANERS

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they have a most active Woman's Government, they make Who's Who, they make Phi Beta Kappa, they are in the Little Theater, they work for the three publications and WFDD, they have a well-planned intramural atheletics program, they are departmental assistants.

If all of this has come about in ten years, what new fields can the coeds seek to conquer? The only things left for the coed to achieve is equality in the social field, for although Wake Forest men have fraternities. the coeds do not yet have sororities. If, after the move to Winston-Salem where 400 coeds will be housed in dorms constructed especially for women (the first such buildings in Wake Forest history), sororities should come to Wake Forest, the girls might be able to enter Wake Forest politics, another phase of campus life not yet fully exploited by the coed. A coed has not yet been president of the Student Body. Nor do the women compete with other schools in athletic contests on the same scale as do the men. A coed varsity tennis, golf, or basketball team might not be too far away. By next year, the first woman trustee will probably be named. Then, the Wake Forest coed will really have arrived.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (Continued from page six)

Re: Gossip Column
Dear Editor:

I think your magazine is just too, too, wonderful! Really But don't you think if you ran a gossip column it would improve it? Now when I was in high school I wrote the gossip for our paper and everybody said it was real good. Honest. Do you think it might be possible for me to write such a column for The Student of the such a column for The Student.

Sincerely,

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Letters to the Edi or



Sirs:

I am beginning to think that your Letters to the Editor are merely fictitious fabrications. Who ever heard of such ridiculous names as your letter-writers have? Do you really think that intelligent students are unaware of such deceptive nonsense?

yours for less lies, Chelsie Pretzeletz

Editor's note: This a cruel insult you have hurled at us. We are hurt. Real hurt. We will wave our banner of truth in anybody's face. So there.

To the Ed:

You and yours are a bunch of blue noses. Why ant'cha got no jokes in your mag? Other mags got jokes, and don't you sling me none of that publication suspension bull. I know you got standards but me and the rest of the people around here are just struggling college students. How about printing just one little teensy, weensy, sexy joke? Your mag is getting to be 'bout as ivy-covered as the library.

Yours for sex, Aggie Slogowitz

Editor's note: You told us we had to drag a little "he-she" humor into our columns or the mag would leave as bad a taste in your mouth as last week's ginger ale.

So we waded through our files of unprintable jokes and found that the only *slightly* tarnished type wasn't even suitable for a magazine B&C

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So we looked through the National Geographic, hoping to be inspired by the figures of South Sea natives tripping through the sands. That didn't bring to mind any printable material either.

So we read *The Old Gold and Black*...but couldn't even find a shady classified ad or typographical error.

So we analyzed girdle ads in *Mademoiselle* . . . but even that didn't measure up.

So we had an eager Phi Bete on the staff translate some new French novels. But after much bewilderment, he tells us that half the words weren't in his French-English dictionary.

So after days of searching, we send this note to you and those like you:

Sex has been replaced by Rice Krispies. And get that smutty gleam out of your eye.

Dear Ed:

I was at Wake Forest during the first semester, but I left to take an important position with the United States Government. Right now I am doing research abroad. This is really a fine deal. It just goes to show you what a college education can do for you. The pay is good (the government pays all my expenses) and this outdoor work really gives me a chance to catch up on all that exercise and fresh air I missed sitting in class.

I am writing you this so you can pass it on to all my friends at Wake Forest. This is too great an opportunity to be overlooked. My boss said they had plenty of room for more college men like me.

> Best regards, Percy Dumkoff somewhere in Korea

Editor's note:

"Ours is not to reason why, Ours is but to do or die." So we do . . . and pass it on. Hot Dogs
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WITH AN EYE FOR TALENT

Tom Mezger, our "north of the Mason-Dixon line" artist, is a junior from Sewell, New Jersey. Quite adept at wielding a paint brush, Tom occasionally peddles a few of his illustrations over at the STUDENT office.

Before coming to Wake Forest, Tom attended Pitman High School where his artistic talents were drawn upon by the school annual and paper.

Although endowed with natural ability, Tom studied extensively at the Philadelphia Museum School of Art, where he developed a liking for watercolor as a medium for his work.

At Wake Forest, Mezger is majoring in Psychology and Philosophy and plans to enter the ministry. For a sample of his work, turn to page 10.



The STUDENT is proud to welcome back to its ranks a writer of proven ability. We are speaking of Bynum Shaw, the bespectacled young man with the slightly greying hair, whose picture you see at the right.

Back in 1947, when the present senior class was a bunch of green freshmen, Bynum was banging away on his typewriter over on Pun Row where he was Editor of the Old Gold and Black.

In addition to editing a top-flight paper, Bynum frequently helped out the boys next door in the STUDENT office by contributing some very readable articles.

Forced to leave school before graduating, this talented young jour-nalist stepped, into the newspaper world and became a promising reporter for the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot. Bynum returned to Wake Forest this semester to complete work for his degree, and after that he plans to go back into journalism.

Positive proof of this boy Shaw's ability can be found in his weekly column, "On Second Thought", in the Old Gold and Black, and his story appearing on page 6 of this issue.



A newcomer among the contributors to the STUDENT is "Red" Pope, sophomore from Raleigh. "Red" made a visit to the basement of the gym and got an interview with Ernie McKenzie, Deacon Trainer, and came back with the article appearing on page 8. Pope is well-known on Publications Row as a sports writer for Old Gold and Black, and during the fall semester he worked as Tom Bost's right hand man up in the News Bureau.

An English major, "Red" is aspiring to a career in journalism, and is spending much of his time taking in Dr. Folk's classes up in Room 31 of the Alumni Building. Although this is his first appearance in the STUDENT, we hope he will help us fill empty columns in forthcoming issues.



Tom Mezger



Bynum Shaw



Red Pope



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BUSINESS MANAGER Bill Golding

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THE



Editor Shaw and members of his 1947 Old Gold and Black staff grind out copy to meet the deadline.

The "school" of which Shaw was a part at Wake Forest (which present Pub Rowers often call the "old school") bears no resemblence the "old school" he describes in his article.

Nor so MANY months ago a few of us in the reporting business were holding forth in various fashions in a hotel room in Hampton, Virginia, just before the opening of the National Seafood Festival. Most of us were having last minute sessions with our photographers, trying to make sure they would not rush off in the wake of a fire truck just at the moment the beauty queen was being carried ashore by King Neptune.

One reporter for an upstate paper, in a state of alcoholic indifference that was second nature with him, gave a cold eye to the whole proceedings. He clicked his teeth at all our preparations, threw all the late papers out the window to make way for a poker game, and became doubly incensed because no one would agree to stay at the hotel and play cards with him. Through the three days of the festival he never left the hotel room, except once when he couldn't bum a cigarette.

He reached out in the hall to grab interviews with passing dignitaries. He sent to festival headquarters for copies of speeches. He filehed a publicity photo of the beauty queen and made up a speech for her, but was thoughful enough to send her a copy—after it was in print. She didn't care. It was a better speech than she could have made up for herself.

The grand parade, during which he slept, he gave most elaborate coverage, conjuring up a host of breath-taking floats that never existed except in his mind. He began the story in this fashion: "Untold thousands lined the streets of Hampton today..."

Those of us who had to rely on the facts got much poorer stories than he did.

Now although this article is by a newspaperman and mostly is about newsmen and their contacts with people in the news, it is not intended merely for future journalists. That hotel-room reporter is one of the last of what has come to be known as "the old school." Every generation has its old school, usually consisting of the preceding eneration.

In every field they were colorful characters, and in the newspaper business their chief tools were an active imagination and one of several varieties of stimulant. Newspapers and newspaper readers are better off for their passing.

Sometimes the old school isn't so bad, but generally the new school is better, because the young men who form it have profited by the mistakes of the old school.

I have known several of these fabulous old school reporters. There was one who used to cover the police station from a tavern at the corner. When a big arrest was pending the cops always stopped at the bar and rolled the reporter into the squad car. Folks passing by often thought the reporter was a criminal being arrested.

On the same staff was the reporter who wrote the story of the Wright's first successful flight in a heavier-than-air craft at Kitty Hawk. His story was full of errors and overstatement, and he has never overcome that disregard for the facts. Perhaps that is one reason he still is slogging a beat on the waterfront of Norfolk. Or, maybe he likes it that way.

Every profession has its old school, and thanks to the ingenuity of the human race, old school methods have been improved upon.

The old school preacher, whose sole thesis was hellfire and brimstone, has been supplanted by clergymen who, at their best, are social workers, not just harping at the ills of humanity but trying to ferret out some of the causes.

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IE PASSING OF THE OLD SCHOOL

The professional social worker of today is a far cry from the coldeved old maid who rationed out surplus grapefruit in the early '30's. The teacher of the modern generation has methods far different from the big stick carried by teachers of the old school. In business, the rising executives in nearly every office are those who were trained in business administration. Ability is being recognized. Aptitude has begun to count. We are getting away from the time when the lad who started voungest and lived longest became president.

As well as I can figure it out from seeing all kinds of people, ambition still is the drive that gets one to the top, but with it one must have skill, perserverance and an open mind. Without the open mind, which lends to adaptability, a person can very quickly become just another one of the old school.

Through all his growth, any young person on the way up must retain the common touch. He must remain easily approachable, on equal terms with other people. A photographer once remarked to me that the snootiest people were those who thought they were big shots, but weren't. The genuine big shots and the small fry always were the easiest to interview.

The most memorable interviews I was ever assigned were with big shots who had not forgotten what it is to be a nobody. I interviewed Joe E. Brown and his invisible rabit friend, Harvey, in a room crowded with sportswriters, come to pay tribute to Brown's interest in athletics.

One night I found the United States Ambassador to Liberia stranded on a wharf. I got him a seat on a plane to Washington, and his conversation made a good story. He was a Negro in a Southern city.

Once Xavier Cugat, who was playing at Virginia Beach, told me he had come up to Norfolk to get something to eat because the food wasn't so hot at the resort. The headline writer played that part of the story, and Cugat's agent, not such a big man as Cugat, became very excited and issued many denials. Cugat never said a word—in English.

Harold Lloyd, imperial potentate of the Shrine before Dr. Hubert Poteat, was in a hotel room in Norfolk, and many of his entourage scoffed at the idea that he would talk to me, but he did. A yacht docked at a pier near the newspaper office and a photographer and I were sent to find out who was aboard. A millionaire was aboard. We had great difficulty getting to the yacht, as numerous petty officials wanted to show that authority, but the millionaire was genuine. He forsook a party, took us aboard, showed us about his luxurious craft and fed us.

As far as I am concerned, all of these things are worth mentioning. The old school is passing, and by dent of ambition, perserverance and skill, you may someday be a big shot. Never lose that common touch. Someday I may be sent to interview you, and by that time I'll be too old to be getting bounced out of people's offices.



Shaw interviews Joe E. Brown, who he describes as "the big shot who had not forgotten what it is to be a nobody." Along with two sports writers, Shaw is being introduced to "Harvey," the fifth person in the picture.

7



E R N I E

M,cKENZI

WAKE'S HUMAN DYNAMO.

By RED POPE

The diminutive man stepped from one table where he had been taping an ankle to massage a sore muscle at another. He quickly applied a dab of salve to a burn on someone in the chair behind him, and, in the same motion, flipped a switch on the infra-red lamp three steps away. Looking up only to speak to his visitors or to reach for more medical supplies, he continued his work on the four patients with rapidity and finesse. It seemed as though this curly-headed little man was everywhere at once. In one short hour he had treated seventeen athletes, two professors, four students, and one local citizen, and to each he showed special interest and kindness.

Ernest McKenzie is Wake Forest College's living example of the Good Samaritan. This genial master of the southern drawl with an inherent Yankee accent, known to one and all as "Ernie," has done as much in his own way for the students, athletes, faculty, and townspeople of Wake Forest as any one person the College can claim.

Ernie is the trainer for all Deacon

athletic teams in reality; however, he is more than a mere tape-andbandage man to those who have ever come in contact with him. A philosopher of wide renown, a friend to anyone in need, and a master of medical terms which thoroughly confuse his "patients," are a few of his characterizations.

It has been said that if he had charged for all the medical attention and sound advice which he has willingly and freely given for years, he would have retired a millionaire some time ago. No job is too large, no problem too great for his devoted attention. In his neat college training room beneath the gymnasium, Ernie has performed miracles which would fill volumes if printed. A woman who had been married for fifteen years but was physically unable to keep house, a sixteen-yearold boy who, because of polio, had not taken a step in six months, and innumerable aches, pains, and cuts have all been cured by Ernie's skill, patience, and understanding.

Perhaps Ernie's forte is his vocabulary. Not that his actual words are so impressive, but rather the way in which he uses and emphasizes certain expressions. His most noted characteristic is his familiar greeting, "Hi!" Ernie puts everything he has into that one word, and draws it out over an almost indefinite length of time. Whenever he meets someone on the campus, he greets them with his usual expressive pro-longated "Hi!", a radiant smile, and twinkling eyes, waving his strong hands in a saluting fashion as he passes on his way. It's that "Hi!" that one remembers the longest, for it is a trademark with the master of muscles.

Ernie's use of medical terms is nothing short of amazing, for he spiels them off with regularity, and to the utter confusion of his patients. Ask him what is troubling you and expect the full treatment, for it would take an entire medical dictionary to interpret his twenty-five cent six-syllable words. A bruised calf to Ernie is simply a "contusion of the gastrocnemius," and a sore shoulder merely takes the name of spasmodic contraction of the infraspinatus." His favorite name for his "boys' as he calls his athlete patients, is "old fel." Everyone is "old fel" to Ernie, and it's quite a compliment to be tabbed as such by the friendly little man. Simple terms have no place in his realm, yet every oversized adjective he utters is exactly correct.

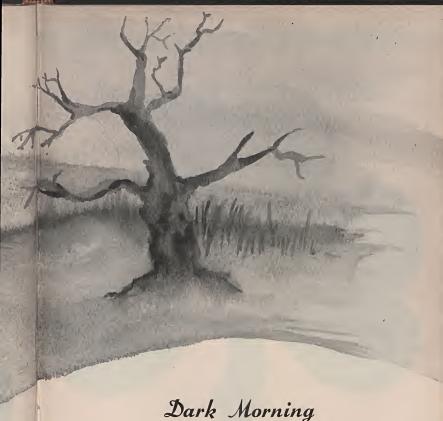
To look at the distinguished little man, one would imagine him as a business man of unspeakable means. His temples are slightly receding, and his hair isn't as thick as it used to be; yet at times he appears to be just another one of the students. Atop the ever-smiling face is a patch of such curly and wavy hair that it would make any girl envious, especially in rainy weather. His arms are constantly protruding with muscles obtained during his days as a professional prize fighter,

(Continued on page seventeen)



One of Ernie's charges looks on as the master trainer expertly, but gently, tapes an arm injury.





By CARL MEIGS

THE OLD man ached a tired ache all over as old men do who cannot sleep at night. He sat in his long underwear on the dingy-sheeted mattress of his bed that was like the rest of the room-dark wood, dusty, and smelling old like the things in old farmhouses do. The

old man, his eyes tired with oldness, looked out on the gray morning sky. And the dull and lifeless light in the room was dull and lifeless like the morning outside. The faulty glass in the brown-framed window made things outside lose their shape, but the old man could see

that the fields were still grey-brown and that the elm-limbs sprawled black and naked even though it was already April.

It had been a forever since last April. There was no getting out now, no working, none of the sewing (Continued on page twenty-two)



Girl of the Month

Julie Watson



In which Pe Olde Studente looks at the campus with Chaucerian Smiles

When thate the blustrye winds of March' gin blowe, And students wind their waye to classes slowe, Thene go they through the Booke Store, dragginge feete, And over scantye breakfaste doze and sleepe.

Refelle as I was seated there one dave, Refore I plodded on my weary wave, Aforcing downe a cake withe chocolate hot, There chanced close by two studentes I knewe not. One there was, the more doleful of the two, Bemoaning of his fate in wordes so blue. Unkempte he was, and badlie needed shave, But nay the less he was a frendlie knave. He paused by my boothe, on me his glances felle, And there commenced his sorrowful yarne to telle. "I must to far Alumni make my waye, To take a quizze of which I knowe but nay. From there to where mores classes do me sende, Till nightfalle sees my woeful journeye ende." So loudlie did his storve he unfolde, Manye stopped to hear the tale he tolde. One who sought to comfort here this wighte, Cried out, "Yea, brother, yea, I knowe thy plighte." And stille another said, amouning lowe, "Ah, to far Alumni I too muste go. And of this pilgrimage I woulde not weepe, If but some friende my companye would keepe." Assembled then our bande in comradeshipe, To see each other safelye on the trippe. The belle from Wait peeled out its mournful laye. And off we went ere hastened on the daye.



A young co-ed was withe the companye,
And ah, she was a wonderous sighte to see.
Shapelye she was, and muchlie did she smile
With favore on the menfolke all the while.
Her knitted sweater a jeweled pin did beare,
'Tis said a fraternitie lad had placed it there.
But though thate be, alle men were of her choice;
She had a winsome looke and sultrye voice.
Slinkilye she ambled downe the pathe,
And wide-eyed watched our bande, alle aghaste.
Forsoothe! she was a very comelye lasse,
And no worries had she on how to passe.

De Athlete

With us walked a Deacon athlete,
And muche he tolde of alle his glorious feats.
Welle coule he carrye far the foote balle,
And broade his shoulders were, and he was righte talle.
His apt attire he wore with bloated pride,
Blacke, baggye sweater, monogrammed at side.
Shorte and closely clipp-ed was his haire,
And manye a glance hade he for co-ed faire.
For this, and other sportes, he came to college,
And righte welle he avoided other kindes of knowledge.

De Campusologist

In our midst there was a gaye, young blade,
And of no faire lasse was he e're afraide.
He knewe not muche thate came from learned bookes,
But fulle welle knewe he the moste secluded nookes,
Whistling he was, or fliring alle the daye,
He was as freshe as is the month of Maye.
Manye were the maiden hearts he'd seized
With lustye love 'neath darke magnolia trees.
E'en now he walkes our co-ed close beside,
To fascinate the girl righte welle he tried.

De Thespian

A worshipper of the theat-ah with us strolled,
And welle could he enacte most any role.
This tolde he often as we made the trippe,
and numerous scriptes had he in pockets, hippe.
From these moste frequentlye did he quote,
And knewe the worke as perfecte as them thate wrote.
Fulle longe did this Thespian wear his haire,
And sideburns had, and manner debonaire.
No cares had he but for to act in playes.
This arte he practiced muche, both nighte and daye.

De Minister

A studente of the ministrye was withe us too,
Arrire in suit was he, and polished his shoe.
Reserved he was, and serious of face,
And talked he muche of faithe and holye grace.
A diligente scholare, and a worthye man,
He walk-ed straighte, prayer booke he had in hande.
Welle coulde he preach a sermon and also praye,
In B.S.U. was active and also in D.K.A.

De Gentleman of the Presse

An eager journaliste walk-ed by my side,
From him nothing coulde I seem to hide.
Muchlie probed he me, moste alle the time,
Me thinkes he greate store laye by his by-line.
Longe was his newsye nose, but his work was hack,
A lousye sheete he grubbed for, "Ye Olde Golde and Black."
Persistente was his manner, and grotesque his dresse,
In his hat, a card announcing lo, "The Press."
Manye a nighte he slaves on publication,
And little time has he for education.



Pe Lawyer

A studente of the lawe withe us did travel,
And manye were the cases he unraveled.
Though yet a studente, discreete he was and wise,
And slye and warye the lookes from out his eyes.
Lowe hunge his heade, and muche his backe was crooked.
It grewe thate waye acarrying manye bookes.
Muche oil of midnighte burned he alle the while,
Smoothe was this talke, convincing was his smile.
Nimble was his tongue, to gain attention,
He long-ed for to be a politician.

De Physician

Withe the companye was a brighte pre-med,
'Tis said he helde muche learning in his heade.
Muche studied he of alle the sciences, 'tis sure,
For any maladye knewe he the cause and cure.
A bag he had aswinging at his side,
Therein a cat fulle stiffe and minus hide.
An apron wore he, righte welle gory stained,
Said he 'In disecting lab I this obtained.'
Though welle knewe he the factes and alle the rules,
He feared of going nay to Medicale Schoole.

And thus we saw each other alle to classe, Save I who telle the tale and am the laste, The belle now ringes, I too must share this strife, But leave you here my captured drama of life.







WAKE'S HUMAN DYNAMO

(Continued from page nine)

and his limbs are agile and swift, particularly noticeable as he scampers about his small office. Ernie stays in the best physical condition, and attributes this to his regular daily schedule of "seven hours of sleep, push-ups and pull-ups in the morning, a tremendous appetite, and from twelve to fifteen cups of black coffee a day."

It seems that caffeine has no effect on him, for he not only keeps a pot of coffee in his training room, but also drops by a local restaurant with his "boys" each night to drink three or four final cups. Then, too, his daily exercise in the line of duty helps him to retain his tip-top shape. As he puts it, "It takes strong hands and a fit body to get the kinks out of my boys, and that's what I'm here for, or to help them in any other way. It's really fun to try to cope with some of their obstacles as well as their problems,"

Any time, night or day, he is always happy to talk, for it is one of his favorite pastimes. Ernie can talk on almost any subject for he keeps up with the events of the campus, the nation, the world, and all sports. In fact, to one talking with him for the first time, he appears to be a professor of sociology, psychology, and science all rolled into one. No matter how painful an injury may be, Ernie's soothing chatter is as good an anesthetic as ether or gas. As he works he constantly talks to either his "guest," for that is what he calls anyone seeking his help, or anyone else in the vicinity. A typical conversation might go something like this:

"How are you going today, old left"... Too hot, Paul?... Yes, I believe our boys have what it takes to win in Argentina... Let me know when it's too hot, will you, Listo? ... Let's try a double whammy on that shoulder, Larry... "Sie back in a minute, old fel ... Hi, Dick, let's have a look at that knee..." And on and on from twelve to fifteen hours a day at the same feverish rate.

Ernie looked up the other day from taping an ankle and said, "They're going to paint my 'torture chamber' for me tomorrow, and it'll really be nice in here then, won't it?" This prompts one to look at the walls, which are spotless, the tables, which are neatly laid out in clean linen, the cabinets, which are stocked in perfect order with every imaginable medicine, and one wonders how such a busy place can

& MAYBE

Slumming Through e.e. cumming,

i discovered/ as i hovered.... over a lovely poem(A speck

> of dirt?

defiled THe paGe.
i in a rage
attempted to
fLicK the
speck
into.
oblivion

i flicked and, i shoved the dirt remained unmoved. heinous error i. made ignorance displayed, un

knowingness myriad. it WAS a perioD/

-Ivan Gold

possibly be kept in such excellent and attractive condition. On one wall there hangs a black and gold pennant with "Wake Forest College .Dixie Bowl" printed in bold block letters, and a clock which was given Ernie by a friend. All over the room are lamps and various other instruments used in applying treatments to any and all ailments. Dials, knobs, buttons, and cranks are assembled in hap-hazard manner on the weird-looking machines, but Ernie knows the meaning of them all, and will readily tell their use to anyone curious enough to ask.

Even though Ernie likes to talk a great deal, he seldom says much about his personal life. He does admit, however, that he was born in Cadillac, Michigan, and being orphaned, lived with several different families during his younger days. Most of his life has been spent travelling from state to state, city to city. His long tenure in the Navy, he won't say how long, made his many visits to the various nations of the world possible.

No one knows just how young Ernie actually is, but it makes no difference, for he exhibits pep and energy daily which give him a youthful appearance. The personal good he can do for others means a good deal more to him than his own individual trials and tribulations.

Ernie dresses for every occasion with the same special precision that is so characteristic of his work. During his working hours he is usually attired in a white T-shirt with the letters WPC printed across the front,

(Continued on page twenty-one)





FACULTY TYPES



CONNOISSEUR OF THE

GAD, I'M SENSITIVE!

PUNCTUALITY PROF

THE OCTOPUS

Dr. H. B. Jones
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By CARY MEIGS

Most students know Dr. H. B. Jones. They know that he's the little man who played the part of Judge Gaunt in Winterset. They also know that he is the head of the English department over in the Alumni building. And most students have seen him on his way home between the Alumni building and his house over on Woodland Drive—an acutely sensitive and withdrawn little man taking his time, puffing his pipe, enjoying his walk as if he had never taken that road before.

Any English major knows that all of Dr. Jones' courses are good ones, and almost everyone cuts his literary teeth on Shakespeare, Dr. Jones' most famous course. In class, Dr. Jones lives his literature and in so doing makes his literature come to life. When he reads Shakespeare, you don't follow him in the book, you just sit and watch

it happen with Dr. Jones. Every change of character calls for a different twist of the lip, a different pitch of the voice, a different flash of the eye. Dr. Jones throws them all in.

Literature to him is real adventure; he doesn't weigh his courses down with heavy and scholarly term papers. He works for interpretation and comprehension of what a strongly sensitive human being, as an author, had to say about his own concept of life.

Dr. Jones teaches his courses with such enthusiasm that you can't classify his personality by them. When you take his course in Victorian poetry, you think he is really an old Victorian at heart. It's something of a shock then to find out in his Milton course that he's a classicist. But the worst blow of all comes in Modern Drama when you finally realize that the little

man who seems so withdrawn and remote from the modern world is actually neither Victorian nor classic, and that he is very much ware of what's going on in our time and very much concerned, What's more, you find out that he has some definite ideas of his own about our time and the world in general.

Not wanting to keep things too serious, Dr. Jones isn't above injecting a little from into his classes. He doesn't tell jokes very often; he prefers to present humorous situations and circumstances. And most of the time, he uses his humor to carry a point.

Last semester while teaching Milton's Paradise Regained, Dr. Jones digressed on the nature of real temptation. The situation involved the reaction of two men to a bottle of firewater. Dr. Jones didn't just tell the story, he drama-

tized it, including the pop of the cork, the guggle of the bottle, and the tragi-comic gullibility of the alcoholic. By the time he was in hysterics over his intentional melodramatics. For the rest of the period snickers kept popping out from people remembering how Dr. Jones made that cork pop and the bottle guggle.

There are other trademarks about his courses that any English major recognizes: his way of looking up after calling the roll saying. Well, is there anybody here who isn't?," his Shakespearean dramatics that capture the whole class, his way of leaving the lecture to close the door, and his way of returning five minutes later to open it again.

One of the most fascinating things about Dr. Jones' courses is his charts. If he should ever come to class without an armful of charts piled up on three or four books, it will probably be some day preceding an event of universal upheaval, something along the nature of Judgment Day. Any piece of literature that Dr. Jones hasn't charted just jan't worth reading.

By looking at one of his charts of a Shakespearean play, mapped out with mathematical precision, you can trace the rise and fall of the action, you can find out how long each character stays on the stage and how much each one has to say. Of course nobody ever bothers to remember any of those things; they just help to analyse the reading.

You don't leave his class when the bell rings either; Dr. Jones just can't get everything said in fifty minutes. His students say he is probably the only man in the country who can give an assignment, tell a joke, and summarize four acts of a Shakespearean play in the ten minutes that follow that bell.

Another one of Dr. Jones' trademarks is his long tests. Anyone who goes into one of his quizes with less than two or three quiz pads is a supreme optimist. And when you're asked as to the kind of quiz he gives, about all you can reply is that they aren't hard, they're just long. Last year in his Victorian poets class he gave an hour test on Tennyson. The quiz began at 2:30. One of the first martyrs to leave said that he threw in the towel at 5:30.

Dr. Jones works hard. His whole day is usually spent upstairs in the Alumni building. He knows exactly where the sun goes down over the town and Hunter dorm, which he can see from the windows near his desk.

For twenty-six years he has been a professor here at Wake Forest. He serves on four of the faculty committees, he has edited the catalogue for many years, he is a member and faculty adviser of the local Sigma, Phil Epsilon Frattentity. He says that he used to take his work home with him, but not any more. Home, he says, is a place where he can cut loose completely from academic work.

And cut loose he does. He has a three-year-old granddaughter who often visits him, and together they go out in the wooded park surrounding the big white house to chase the squirrels.

This park is his pride and joy. He says that he dates living from the time he bought those wooded two acres in 1932 and started fighting the brambles and honeysuckles. The Joneses first lived in the comfortable log cabin there, but with the two Jones daughters, the cabin was just too small. And so the big white house was built.

The work with the house and particularly with the grounds has taken up most of Dr. Jones' spare time so that he has never had time for a hobby of the more conventional sort. He is proud of his outside picnic furnace which he built himself from an old oven.

When he was building the furnace, Dr. Jones was at a loss as to what he would use for a chimney. He happened to have a water tank, the dimensions of which just about fitted his needs, so he decided to make a going-in and a going-out place in it for the smoke. He first took a hacksaw and started scraping around the end of the tank. Deciding that the saw was much too primitive an instrument, he took a file and proceeded to groove the top off the can. Finding that the file was even more primitive than the saw, he abandoned that. He finally sharpened a railroad spike, took an axe, straddled that can and untopped it by axe and spike. It made a fine chimney.

For the building of this same picnic spot Dr. Jones has used stones that he has gathered by means of a wheelbarrow from as far away as one and two miles. Once on a walk, he found a large, three - cornered flat stone which immediately found a definite place in his plans. He tried to move the boulder and it wouldn't budge. The next day he went back, tried another corner, and the rock moved. On the next day, after a great deal of contemplation and some physical exertion, he managed to get the rock on two of its three corners, and so he three-cornered it all the way home.

Dr. Jones says that when he was an old man he did a lot of gardening, but, he adds, since he has been

(Continued on page twenty-five)



You can't beat Camels for taste-and they're milder too!



WAKES HUMAN DYNAMO

(Continued from page seventeen)

and hardened muscles straining at the tight-fitting sleeves. At times he dons his black Varsity Monogram sweater with his own block letter on it, but "That is more for leisure," he states. Emie is really at his peak in a suit with a flashy tie, but he always saves this outfit for something extra special.

Don't think for a minute that Ernie's job requires nothing but experience to reach the top. On the contrary, there is a great deal of study entailed. Ernie has attended numerous colleges as a working trainer and also as a student. Although the bulk of his studying was done in short and abbreviated courses instead of the four-year sequence, Ernie has had a great deal of practical study in his time. While at the University of Pittsburgh as a member of the training staff, he attended anatomy classes with the regular med. students. He also took several courses while working as Head Trainer at Dartmouth.

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Ernie worked for sometime with the United States Public Health Service as an assistant in the operating room and various other duties. It was during this time that he says he really received what is probably his most valuable education. He was awarded a certificate of Physical Medicine by the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery in Washington, D. C. as well as many other similar certificates of merit. His education includes courses in almost every known method of physical correction, and years in the Navy as a physio-therapist also contributed much to his repetoire of know-how. It takes quite a well-rounded education and background to be able to cure and mend the many ailments which confront him, but Ernie has it.

Ernie is a great one for saving letters and other personal items of interest, and he has an entire brief case packed with letters from the President of the United States, the Admiral of his fleet, the President of Dartmouth, and hundreds of former "clients." Proudly, but modestly he shows his letters bearing seals of some of the most famous people and institutions, and his entire face lights up whenever he reminisces over the clippings and papers he has accumulated through the years.

Ernie first came to Wake Forest in 1948, a complete stranger to the school. Although he was weighing several other offers from colleges and institutions all over the country, he says the walk from the railroad station sold him on the Deacon town. "Everybody I met spoke, although they must have known by my bag that I was a stranger." Ever since that day he has been head trainer and an assistant in the Physical Education Department.

It is his job to see that every athlete on any freshman or varsity team at Wake Forest is physically able to participate. If the man injures himself in any way, it is Ernie's duty to iron out the trouble. Occasionally the cut is too deep, or the injury too severe for him to handle with his facilities, then he takes the man over to the infirmary and sees to it that he always gets the best of attention and care. Ever so often, he checks by to see if his "old fel" is recuperating, and to see if there is anything he can do to make him more comfortable. Ernie is a second mother to his boys, according to one of the football players, and whether it's stitches, sprained ankles, sore muscles, or just a contusion, Ernie fixes them all to perfection.

The thing that impresses most people about Ernie is his clear sparkling outlook on life. His, attitude and pleasing personality relate his innermost characteristics which clearly indicate a yearning for life. Ernie always feels as if he is doing something worthwhile, and he is constantly happy about the whole situation. As he says it, quoting an old proverb, "happiness is like jam ...vou can't spread it without getting a little on yourself." On the most dismal, gloomy day Ernie will greet everyone with his radiant smile and say, "Isn't it invigorating outside today?" One can't help but feel better after talking, or even



"But I tell you Oswald, it's not from the government."

"Everything for Everybody"

Apples to Zippers

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DIAL 249-1

seeing, Ernie. His favorite adage is, "If you are happy doing a certain thing, keep on doing it."

Ernie McKenzie is a human dynamo. His vitality and energy are amazing, in fact astounding. No matter how many people are waiting for him, or how severe their

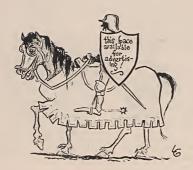


problems may be, he is always ready with a cheerful smile and a helping hand. Ernie has no intentions of leaving Wake Forest at the present time and those who have come in contact with him are mighty glad. A philosopher, psychologist, doetor, guardian, magician, conversationalist, optimist, and first class moralebuilder is Ernie McKenzie, Wake Forest's altruist.

DARK MORNING

(Continued from page eleven) machine repairing that he could do in the old days when he had the A-model Ford. Those had been good days before he became old and before he got that thing on his head. He reached up to the side of his head where the cancer spread a blotch of ugliness against the transparent whiteness of his hair. People called him Mr. Kirk then, not Old Man Kirk. He rested his grey-bristled jaws in the knots of his fingers and propped his elbows on his old-man knees. He peered out into the morning dullness not looking at anything in particular. His face was sad with futile remembering; his yellow old-man wrinkles drooped in tired creases under the faded blue of his eyes.

Harsh morning rattles sounded in the kitchen and the gritting and spit of a match told him Anna was making a fire. The old man reached out and took his cane from the window sill and pulled himself up, his thin body bent in hard tight knots all over. He steadied himself with his hand against the monstrous oak wardrobe and fumbled his way across the room. His pants were slung over the cane-bottom straight





chair near the end of the bed. Sitting in the chair, he pulled the stained khaki pants over his feet and then stood up to struggle into his suspenders. His felt slippers, dirty with old-house dirt hissed against the brown floor as he turned to the dark paneled door. The knob rattled. He let the door swing open and bang against the wall. And his rubber-tipped cane thudded softly as he crept in his old-man way into the darkness of the hall full of oilstove fumes and the smell of boiling food.

Anna was stirring the food in the blue enameled pot over the burner of the blackened stove. The grits steamed and plopped as she pushed a strand of gray frizzled hair back from her square blank face.

"Good mornin"." She turned back to the stove, her big cotton dress lumped in big folds around her fat and shapeless body.

He grunted and placed himself carefully at the square table. He bent his head over the blue-checked oilcloth and traced the threadlike cracks in the worn material with





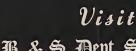
the broken edge of his fingernail. He waited for the grits that Anna slopped on a thick white plate and slid before him. Together they ate without speaking—Anna spooned her grits, noisily enjoying it. She tipped her plate to get it all. The old man had finished, and Anna took their plates and let them elatter in a pan of water.

The old man didn't move but waited as if by habit. Anna was searching among her flavoring bottles and finally found a small blue bottle with a prescription label. The old man winced when Anna unscrewed the lid. She turned him to the dead light that penetrated the



smoky scum of the window. The sore was a raw purple and open and deep. Anna's clumsy fingers made the old man jerk away.

"Be still!" Anna held the white salve over the sore. The old man whimpered and gripped the table edge. Brownish old-man knuckles turned yellow with fighting against the clumsy work of Anna's fingers. His face paled, the wrinkles tensed against the sharp needles of pain. Anna was almost through, and she bent over the sore again. But the old man jerked away and pushed at Anna with his fist. "Now you be still if you want me to doctor you!" Her voice grated in his ears. "If



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you don't care, I don't care neither. I guess you think I married you just to take care of you."

"You done enough," he muttered.
"Leave me alone!" The old man stood up, his mouth open, hand shaking. But Anna, not listening, croaked on.

"Don't you go telling me about your first wife either. She wouldn't a' done it, I betcha. She wouldn't. Now you come here."

But the old man had taken his cane and shufffled out of the room to the hall. His head throbbed. The oilstove smell stuck in his throat. He turned the knob of the heavy back door and stepped out into the morning dullness that was bright to his eyes after the darkness of the house. The door slammed to, shaking the house and cutting off Anna's croaking.

The coolness of the East wind made the old man's sore throb harder. He cupped his hand over it and hooked his arm around the dirty white porchpost. The pain was flecking off in a thousand jagged scars. He looked at the dusty grey porch floor. But he could remember when Fanny had painted it blue. He looked out beyond the garden filled with the tan brittle sticks of last summer's weeds. The tiredness of his eyes was a confused blue looking beyond the flower-house with the roof broken in, beyond the knotty-limbed peach orchard. The

morning-gray 'mountains. Remembering.

Remembrance was a vague mist like the mist making the outline of the mountains dim and confused. Remembrance. But there was the now. Now the cancer and now his miserable old-manness. It did no good to remember.

He turned and looked at the pile of yellow newspapers spattered with the old marks of the rain. Anna's galoshes—mudcaked, limp, torn. And his tool box.



He breathed hard and sat down on the edge of the porchfloor, his feet resting in the dead backyard weeds. His old-man's claw hooked in the handle of the lid of the small black toolbox. He dragged it across the floor to his side.

The lid still had the bare outlines of old letters. . Cyrus Kirk, Sewing machine repairs. It was rusty and hard to open, but the inside was dry and had not changed. He took out each tool and held each one in the palm of his hand as if he were ready to use it. Screw drivers, pliers, oiling can, scissors, broken file. Carefully, almost with love, he placed them in a row on the porchfloor. A straight razor. He held carefully and tried to remember.

Anna's heavy footsteps in the kitchen shook the porch for a moment. The old man looked up to see if she were coming out on the porch. The door remained unopened. And he knew that even if he hated Anna's ugly clumsiness, she had kept him alive. The old man wondered why he wanted to remain alive when his life was sick and tired.

He slid the razor on the freckled back of his hand. The hair came off softly without any pull. There was a dry stem of broomstraw by the porchpost. The blade flicked through it; it sank to the ground. The morning light gleamed softly along the edge of the blade-sharp as hurting. The old man knew that the blade was death-potent, and that death ended all misery. His shoulders drew in and he grew tense knowing that the blade would cause pain. Without knowing why, the old man knew that he could not give up his life. He closed the blade into its sheath and carefully placed it beside the broken file on the floor. Tired of fighting, he leaned against the porchpost and watched the East wind bring up a morning rain.

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DRAMATIS PERSONA

(Continued from page twenty)

regaining his youth, he hasn't had time for that sort of thing. He used to play golf, before his interests centered so closely at home, and he still ventures out on the fairways sometimes. Incongrous as it may seem with his literary taste, he finds pleasure in relaxing with a good murder mystery. He says that he can read a mystery, listen to the radio, and carry on a conversation all at the same time.

The little man with the pipe heavy scholarly stuff, but essays familiar and humorous. One of his sesays is entitled, "In Appreciation of Fools," and another is called, "The Tragedy of Humpty Dumpty or Perils of Sitting on a Wall." Writing, with Dr. Jones, is purely a pastime. He doesn't publish any of it. In fact, he frankly admits that print frightens him. "I write some verse," he says, "and I have a good drawer to hold it all."

As if all this were not enough to occupy his leisure, Dr. Jones takes an active part in the town life. He is a charter member of the Rotary Club and the Town Civic Club. He belongs to the Masonic Lodge. In these organizations, he says that he indis the warm contact with the non-academic townspeople that would otherwise be missed in the isolation of earmous life.

Dr. Jones has always been an active man; it's part of his philosophy of living the complete life. When he was a student at Wake Forest, he was on the track team. The fact is that he held the first place in the mile run. He comments that he only won this place "after the good runners got away." However, in spite of this modesty, the records show that he won the Bronze medal at the Southern Track



Meet in Richmond during his senior year.

He was more active as a debater and speaker in those college years. A member of the Euzelian Society back when the literary societies were real working organizations, Dr. Jones represented the college successfully in intercollegiate debates. Before graduation from Wake Forest, he won the Dixon Oratory Medal.

He began his speaking career at an extremely early age. When he was about eight or nine years old living in Wingate, his schoolteacher announced one day to the whole school that there would be a debating held that night and that all who were interested were to come. Little Broadus Jones was interested. The debate got under way after everyone who had come had been chosen either to the pro or con side. The query was: "Resolved; that the Negros should be colonized."

The speeches started off, and the little boy began to get a bit nervous because he didn't know what the query meant. He punched the fellow next in line:

"What does 'colonized' mean?" he whispered.

"Means bundling them all off someplace," the more experienced debater returned.

The speeches rolled on and the boy saw that it was getting to be his turn. He was scared. He'd never made a speech before. He punched his neighbor again.

"I can't make a speech."

The older fellow clapped him on the knee and said, "Boy, you got to."

His time came. The speech was made, and when he sat down, his friend said, "Well, boy, you made a pretty good speech, but you took the wrong side."

After this sparkling debut, he

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took part in all speech activities throughout his entire education and has always been recognized as an effective orator and a clear thinker.

Dr. Jones has spent most of his life teaching. He considers it his best contribution to his own time. He has enjoyed teaching. With him it never grows stale. Had he not cared for teaching, he would never have spent thirty-eight years at it, for he believes that a man must find happiness in his work. There are some courses he must teach yet he says that each new class brings with it a new group of adand revitalized interpretations of the authors and their works.

Listening to his digressions in these classes, noticing the restraint and calmness of his work, you come to feel that he looks on time with a certain equanimity which is in no sense passive or negative but which just refuses to let it all be taken too seriously.

When he stands by his desk up in the office and looks out over the parade of Highway I and the students passing by, you know by acertain calm curiosity that appears on his face, that he is not yet tired of looking at the pageantry of the human race. A wide-eyed adventurer, he has not yet seen it all. Whether he reads Hamlet or Winterset or Paradise Lost, you know that he's looking at it in terms of human emotions and motives; you know he's reading it in terms of life.



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"Look, roommate, I don't mind you borrowing my pants, but do you have to have 'em altered'"



BING: Sure, Ken...Bob sent me a gift from Japan... the makings for a beautiful silk Kimona.

KEN CARPENTER: Oh, did Bob send you a few yards of material?

BING: No... just two silkworms in a weed, here.

BOB: You took me to a Burlesque show when I was only a baby? BOB'S "FATHER": Son, your very first burp blew a Bubble Dancer right off the runway.

ESKIMO: Me have three sons in America. One go UCLA, one go USC, one go VASSAR. BOB: VASSAR! That's a Girl's school. ESKIMO: No wonder him never come

PAUL DOUGLAS: You know the average Yale man from my class is married, earns \$25,000 a year, owns his home, and has two and one-third children.
BING: That's a clever trick even for a

HY AVERBACK: You know this year Bing was chosen to be Poppa Santa Claus on the Chesterfield Christmas carton. How come they didn't pick you?

you?
BOB: Well, traditionally Santa is an old, old man who is carrying a sackful
...Bing's a natural for the part.

MARILYN MAXWELL: Why did you bring the Crosby records to Alaska, Bob? BOB: I sold 'em to the Eskimos. They find Bing's voice is the perfect mating call for the female Wafrus.

BOB: You know my voice has been described as having rippling tones.
MARILYN: Maybe it starts out in ripudling tones, but then it forms in puddles.

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Campus Into ews on Cigarette Tests

Number 6...THE BEAVER



FOR once in his life, our fervent friend admits that eagerness can be over-done! He's alluding, of course, to all these quick-trick cigarette tests -the ones that ask you to decide on cigarette mildness after just one puff, one sniff, one inhale or one exhale! When the chips are down, he realizes cigarette mildness can't be judged in a hurry. That's why he made ...

The sensible test . . . the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test which asks you to try Camels as your steady smoke-on a pack after pack, day after day basis. No snap judgments needed. After you've enjoyed Camels-and only Camels-for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), we believe you'll know why . . .

More People Smoke Camels

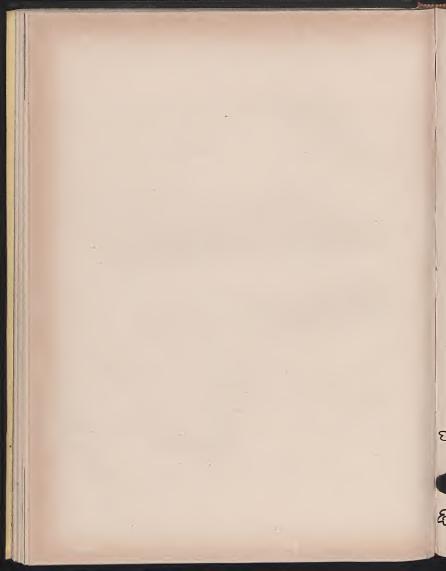
than any other cigarette!

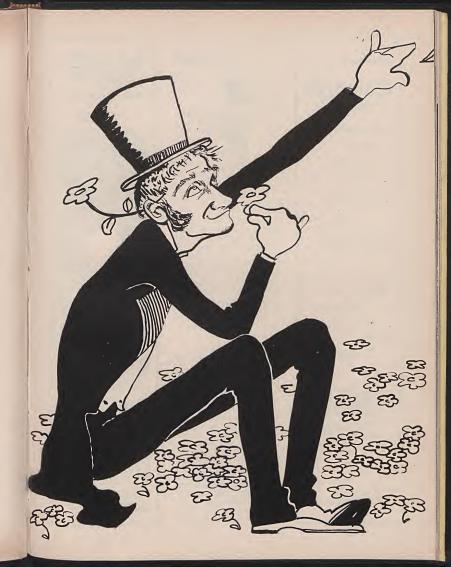


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Letters to the Editor



MARCH COVER

Dear Editor:

Congratulations on the extraordinary cover picture of the March issue. That was truly a magnificent achievement in the world of art. Speaking as a true connoisseur of the work of the great masters, I saw evidences in your cover of the boldly foreshortened figures and the illusionistic effect of Manregna, the roundness of figures exemplified by Michelangelo, the sentimentality of Raphael, the interest in light and shade used by Leonardo, and the design and color of Titian.

Its distinction and poise, even in movement, and its elegance and grace, even in tragedy, are true manifestations of the painter's individuality. He has put into that cover a graciousness of humanity unequaled since the days of Fra Filippo Lippi, and has created a profound sensitivity to an idyllic charm and a tranquil brooding mood that is reminiscent of Giorgione.

Truly a magnificent work of art! Sincerely,

An English 72 student

Editor's note: That's exactly what we thought, but did you notice how the Umbrian trees and the meandering stream in the background gave it an exceptionally fine perspective?

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THE CHARMS OF POETRY

Dear Ed:

Next to fiction, non-fiction, romances and other kinds of prose, poetry is by all odds the most interesting type of writing in existence. That is why I became a good grey poet. Poetry has many virtues. First of all, it is highly misleading. When a poet says one thing, he means another. On the other hand, when he says another thing, the chances are he means it. Now I have written you a four line poem as an example. (This can also be called an eight half line poem.)

Willy, with a thirst for gore,

Nailed baby to the door: Mother said, with humor quaint, "Willy dear, don't spoil the paint."

Now as I said, this poem doesn't in any way imply what the words might lead you to believe. It is in reality a subtle piece of ingenuity—full of the unspoken law of great poetry. Print this and see if any of your readers can look beyond the printed page and capture the true significance of the poem. If you believe as I, that I possess never before equaled talent, I will submit more of my work for publication.

Sincerely, An English I student

Editor's note: Drop by the office sometime. We'd like to get a good look at you.



FROME MERRYE OLDE ENGLANDE

Deare Editore:

Whene thate I chanced to glance type olde Marche issue, I was righte amazed to see whate ye had done to my Tales of Canterburye. Fulle often did I sighe and shudder at the waye ye welle nighe desecrated my pilgrimage. Welle coulde I wringe your necke, if the chance hade I. Ye tooke the drama of life I spente manye a daye searching for in my owne backe yarde, and made of it a righte bad farce. Ye

(Continued on page thirty-two)

Food
Mags
Drinks
Pool
Records
Tobacco
AT
HOURS FOR
YOUR
CONVENIENCE

Shorty's

Smoke the

MILDER

Cigarette IT'S

Chesterfield

"They Satisfy"

*

THROUGH THE
COURTESY OF YOUR
CAMPUS REPRESENTATIVES

WITH AN EYE FOR TALENT

No newcomer to the ranks of THE STUDENT is wonder girl Bet Isbell a gal who is mighty handy with a paint brush, somewhat of a genuis where layout is concerned, and who is setting a record by getting a Howler out on time. Bet first became associated with the mag back in the days of the Hayes regime and has been an off-and-on contributor ever since.

Quite talented in an artistic way, Bet has done numerous story illustrations for THE STUDENT, but this is the first time she has tried her hand at painting the cover. We thought it was so good that we talked her into doing another for the final issue.

In addition to the splendid job on the front, Bet is also responsible for the sketching on the introductory page.



Bet Isbell



The sober-faced fellow at the right is Neil Gabbert, better known as "Nile" around the *Old Gold* office where he spends most of his time shining the editors' shoes and doing other such sordid jobs to win their good graces.

When "Nile" isn't having the whip cracked over his back in the paper office, he can usually be found up in the Music-Religion Building warbling sweet notes for Professor Mac. Acting as President of the Glee Club and A Cappella Choir, Neil combined his talent for song and his talent for writing, and came up with the article concerning the choir's recent Spring Tour. Neil's cohort for the story was J. B. Benton who took time out from singing baritone ever so often to take pictures for the story. The combined efforts of these two boys can be found on page 6—the inside story of Wake's A Cappella Choir.



Neil Gabbert



Suzanne Dyer made her appearance on Publications Row in a manner in which THE STUDENT wishes more people would do. One day she walked into the office, told us she could draw, and said she would like to do some story illustrations. We've had her at work ever since.

A native of Greer, S. C., Suzanne studied art under Edmund Yhadjen and continued her study while at Mars Hill. Now, however, she has discontinued her studies to keep house for her husband, Jack, and small son Jackie in their trailer home back of Coach Weaver's. Despite domestic duties, she still finds time to paint—mostly pastels (her favorite) which she sells, and also doing family coat of arms upon request.

For this issue of THE STUDENT, Suzanne illustrated the stories on pages 12 and 18. She also did the art work for a short story appearing in our first issue.



Suzanne Dver



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Choir members gather around Mr. Mac and piano to sing after refreshments in the home of Representative C. B. Deane of Rockingham. Music on piano is to give the impression to those who see this picture that the choir sticks to classy stuff. (In reality they're giving out with a rendition of "That Silver Haired Daddy of Mine")

If you couldn't carry a tune in a wash tub, you'd still get a kick out of joining the Wake Forest College Choir on an annual spring tour, because singing isn't the half of it. What happens between the concerts can be sufficient inducement to the choir members for taking what they call "the tour" while everybody less is taking Spring Vacation.

This year's tour, the fourth so far, was in some respects like the others and in other respects unique. There are always two classes of occurrences to remember: (1) those big things which are everpresent or keep recurring, and (2) those little things that just happen. Of the former class, the three most outstanding this year, without a doubt, were influenza, common colds and virus pneumonia. When the troupe left Wake Forest it was Maestro Mac-Donald and his Thirty-eight Golden Voices. When it returned, it was Thick-Throated Thane and his Thirty-Seven Sick Singers.

Of the hundreds of incidents which fall under the latter class, only a few can be mentioned in a brief chronological account of the journey.

On Saturday afternoon, March 24, the campus was abandoned. The

usual strollers were not around to hear the rumpus over in the Music-Religion Building . . . but it was there—a typical rehearsal under Mr. Mac (as Professor Thane MacDonald is often called by everyone except hosts who introduce him before concerts as "Dr. McDowell" or "Professor McDoogal").

Mr. Mac yelled. Everything stopped. There was a moment of absolute silence. Then it was broken by his voice—a very strong voiceThey Si

THIS IS WHAT MIGHT TO A TROUPE OF SIN THE THINGS NOT PRINCE'S PROGRAM.

and everybody shuddered as he screamed:

"Come on! Come on! Hit it! Hit it! What's the matter? You tired? Stand up!"

They stood up.

Doug Hall, accompanist, struck the chord; Mr. Mac gave the cue; and they hit it—half-mad, half scared to death—as if dealing with a cruel mother-in-law.

Seconds later Mr. Mac motioned them to stop again. They watched and waited, and hoped . . . for the calm after the storm . . and it came: Mr. Mac hunched his shoulders, drew air through his teeth, gave a long sigh and whispered, "Beautiful," with his eyes closed.

They knew he had chills down his back, and they were glad. He

At Newfoundland Gap, renamed Windy Gulch by choir, shivering singers return to their bus to continue the journey from Knoxville to Asheville.



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GHT HAPPEN—AND DID— F SIN GERS ON A TOUR . . . PRI NTED ON THE AUDI-

By Neil Gabbert

was satisfied; they were relieved; everybody was happy; and it was time to turn to another number.

And the entire tour was like that —full of ups and downs. In fact, the ups and downs began before the group left Wake Forest. The girls, dressed up in their new Easter outfits, left church Sunday morning anticipating a big last meal in Wake Forest before the tour. Making the canvass from the College Inn to P.D.'s, they found every restaurant in town closed. Their Easter Sunday dinner was sandwiches in Holding's, washed down by coffee from Shorty's.

Think is the second

In the main lobby of Asheville's Grove Park Inn, wentyfour of the choir members try to hide in one of the world's wo largest chimneys. (The other one is at the far end of the same lobby.) Rock which is supported by Dale Browder's head is one of thousands gathered from surrounding mountains to construct the nationwide famous resort.

But things looked up. As they were leaving the drug store Mr. Holden presented them a two-pound box of candy. It was just the thing, as Sara Page Jackson remarked, to start the trip off right, and they wouldn't open the box until the bus was loaded that afternoon. They

kept their promise, and the candy lasted for approximately three miles. That was about four o'clock. The

That was about four octock, the hungry personnel aboard the chartered Greyhound bus were Director MacDonald, Doug Hall, the 38-member choir, Ralph Allen of Raleigh (driver), Mrs. MacDonald (chaperon) and her sister, Mrs. R. F. Marsh of Greensburg, Pennsylvania (assistant chaperon).

Ralph had driven for the tour the previous year and had been requested to drive again this year because he had added so much color to that trip. An expert at the wheel, he was also an excellent mixer—patient, good-natured, quick-witted—with an almost unbelievable ability for fitting into any situation (even to hearing most of the concerts).

Mrs. Mac, too, had been along the year before and was welcomed back to her job full of headaches. One of them which came every evening was to assign choir members to quarters made available in towns where they spent the night. Mrs. Marsh revealed the same stamina as her sister in adjusting to the bedlam she would have to inhabit. Before the tour was over, she would prove vital to the cause, taking over full chaperoning duties during Mrs.

During an open house at the home of Wake Forest sophomore Betty Tucker, choir members and other guests form bull session circles following the Monroe concert.





A group watches television in the lobby of the Hotel Albemarle while waiting for a performance before the Lions Club. Although the television doesn't show up in the picture, these choir members seem very engrosed. That is, with the exception of Anne Baker who has just remarked that she would rather see the television sereen than the weave of Gorden Middleton's suit.

Mac's absence because of a real headache.

There were eleven cities in a 1,000-mile circuit to be visited for thirteen concerts: Rockingham, Concord, Wingate, Monroe, Alberarle, Thomasville, Rutherfordton, Knoxville (Tenn.), Asheville, Lenoir, and Reidsville, respectively. Something funny, exciting, confusing or pathetic happened in each place, and everything happened on the bus en route.

The Rockingham audience Sunday night were victims of the choir's surefire method of learning the music on their program. Mr. Mae simply leaves the books at Wake Forest, and they learn the songs (eventually) the hard way—by singing them without books, whether they know them or not. The first concert, naturally is always the worst.

Nevertheless, the whole choir was entertained at the home of Representative C. B. Deane after the concert. (The Congressman is the father of Wake Forest's Cree Deane.) While Mrs. Deane and the other hostesses tirelessly replenished their cups and plates, they gobbled sandwiches, cookies and punch without mercy. It was obvious that they had missed their Easter dinner.

Sufficiently stuffed, they melted

into chairs, sprawled on the floor or gathered around Mr. Mae at the piano for some very, very informal singing. Sprinkled among old favorites such as "Carolina Moon," When You Wore a Tulip," and "Tea For Two" were some of the lighter tunes on the choir's tour program. It was a sly way to get in some much-needed practice at the same time they enjoyed themselves (and neighbors squirmed.)

In Concord Monday they suffered teminiscences of Wake Forest. Artiving at noon with nothing to do but practice a while before the concert that night, they immediately set out to find an Easter dinner. Once again, they found restaurant after restaurant closed. Concord observes "Easter Monday," they discovered.

However, someone finally spotted an open cafe on a side street, and within ten minutes the entire Wake Forest delegation had swarmed to the scene. It was like the dinner hour in a Wake Forest restaurant before a football game. Through the monslaught, dismayed townspeople who were used to eating there lurked in safe corners until the intruders had cleared out.

The next stop, a quite sudden stop, was Wingate—remembered as the place where the bus backed into a tree.

Wingate College had a long chapel program that morning, because the students faced classes when the music stopped. The choir sang nearly all of the sacred program, half of the additional repertoire, and threw in songs they didn't know they could sing, until everybody was ready to call it duits and eat dinner.

It was only a fifteen-minute jaunt

The eight-mile jaunt to this bridge on Highway 200 toward Albemarle from Monroe turned out to be a two-way trip. The bridge wasn't sturdy enough for the bus, but while the driver checked it, the choir got a good view of the river from above.





Chair eats celery while waiting for barbecued chicken in cafeteria of Mills Home in Thomasville. Charles Garrett, behind the horn-timmed glasses, has drunk his orange juice, doesn't like his celery and is mad because they haven't brought his chicken. Rose Bullard, with fork at front table, is downhearted because this is the last bite of her salad. She has an eye on Burt Corpening's across the table.

from Wingate to Monroe. Before the performance in the First Baptist Church there Tuesday night, the company was treated to a chicken supper at the stately Morrow House, a former home located on property the church had bought for a future building site. After the concert, they were entertained in the home of Betty Tucker, Wake Forest student, before they dispersed to private homes for the night.

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Two of the boys drove a limousine to one of those homes. Earlier in the evening their hostess had handed them the keys and informed them, matter-of-factly, "This is the car you will use while you are here." She talked them into it.

When the troupe reported to the bus for departure to Albemarle Wednesday morning, something seemed to be missing. For a moment nobody could figure out what it was. Then they discovered what it was. Throughout two spring tours, and on this one, so far, big cloth banners bearing WAKE FOR-EST COLLEGE CHOIR in bold ten-inch letters had adorned the sides of the bus. Now those sides were bare and shiny. Evidently, some enthusiastic lover of the Alma Mater had taken full advantage of a dark night.

Naturally the choir couldn't leave without its identification. So a bass and a baritone got to work immediately on new signs . . . in permanent black paint applied directly to the metal sides of the bus. (According to latest reports, they haven't heard from the Greyhound Company yet.)

As the redecorated bus pulled out, the church people who had gathered to see it off heard the customary singing of the Wake Forest fight song. But this time it was a little croaky. The cold germ had begun to spread. On the way out of town, optimists waged a psychological warfare against the threat of sore throats—talking freely of experiences the night before. Two girls were proudly modeling fancy new

(Continued on page twenty-four)

While it may appear that Tunney Brooks is embracing this young lady, he actually is in the act of stuffing stolen milliary secrets into her collar. Her father, an Argentine cattle baron, will ship the secrets out of the country by concealing them in hind quarters of grade A beet,



At this Argentine plant, the government has been attempting to manufacture atom bombs from a mixture of Pampas grass and old inner tubes. Whenever a batch gets too hot to handle, it is immersed in the pond. The ducks, which are immune to the odor, are decoys.



An example of American ingenuity in the aid-to-backward countries program is indito-backward countries program is indialres. It houses a Chinese laundry, backes by American capital. Its purpose is to disrupt Argentine economy by removing the buttons from all shirts and mismating every third bair of socks.

WE SPIED ON

Buenos Aires, March 21 — (AP) — A government newspaper charged today that United States athletes at the recent Pan American Games here had instructions from the United States Federal Bureau of Investigation to take photographs which would damage Argentina's prestige abroad. . . . It said that an official Argentine investigation showed all 128 members of the U. S. team had been instructed by the FBI to gather evidence against Argentina.

Wout and our reports have been filed with J. Edgar Hoover, it's probably all right to tell the fantastic truth about the Pan American Games. You won't believe it.

We didn't start out with the idea of being spies at all. In fact none of this cloak-and-dagger business was mentioned until we got to Miami. All the time we thought we were going down South to play some ball. But at the Miami Airport a little man in dark glasses cornered the whole team in a telephone booth. It was mighty crowded in there, too. He explained to us that the United States government expected us to do a little more than just play baseball in Buenos Aires. As the FBI agent (that's what this fellow was) administered the loyalty oath to us, Jack Stallings, who had been trying to place a long distance telephone call to the New York Yankees, suddenly said, "Gee, you mean we're gonna be spies."

The man from the FBI blushed right down to his badge and explained hastily, "Oh, you'll just be doing a little scouling for Uncle Sam." Thereupon he whisked out a small flag and we all sang the first three bars of "My Country, Tis Of Thee..."

Actually, nothing we were assigned to do in Argentina could really have been classified as a hostile act. We were only expected to bribe Juan Peron's bodyguard to dump him in the Tigre River, for which purpose we were each given 37 cents (Argentine) to use as "fix" money; set fire to the Hall of Congress: throw rocks at Eva Peron: and plant atom bombs, all timed to detonate next July 4, in various parts of Buenos Aires. We also were instructed to filch any maps and plans we might run across, but all the heavier espionage was left to the United States weightlifting team.

Aside from the atom bombs, which were concealed in aspirin box-

ONPERON

by the Wake Forest Baseball Team as told to Bynum Shaw

> es, the only weapons we got were hand grenades cleverly fashioned to resemble baseballs. These gave us quite a scare in one game, as they got mixed up with the real baseballs and Max Eller struck out two batters with one before the mixup was discovered.

> There were quite a number of FBI contacts in Argentina through whom we channeled all the information we collected. One of them, surprisingly enough, was the plate umpire in the only two games we lost. In fact, his undercover activities are responsible for our losing those games. In an attempt to prove that he had no connection with the Yankees, he called every ball thrown by a Cuban pitcher a strike. Thus it turned out that only one of our batters got a chance to hit during each inning. The first two batters were called out by the umpire during the pitcher's warmup.

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Even the children in Argentina were intensely spy-conscious. They did not greet American tourists with the traditional "Any cigarettes, Joe? Any candy? Any gum?" They sidled up and whispered, "Got any A-bomb plans you wanta sell?" Wiley Warren peddled the pages from three old biology lab manuals as atom bomb material, and apparently the Peron government took it seriously. Peron announced not long ago that Argentian now is in position to turn out the big bombs.

On the whole our spying activities were not very successful, thanks to the loyalty and patriotism of the Argentine people. Our most marked failure was in the attempt to have Peron dunked in the Tigre River. We approached many of his bodyguards with the offer of 37 cents for the job, but none would do it. They all held out for 50 cents.

The burning of the Hall of Congress also backfired on us. The citizens, instead of being appalled at the raging flames, turned out en

(Continued on page thirty-two)



An Argentine firing squad lines up for its morning chores, While the drummers tap out a death march, the soldiers at right shoot poisoned arrows from blow pipes at the victims. As the blow gunners are rather inaccurate, it is dangerous for citizens to lotter along such streets.



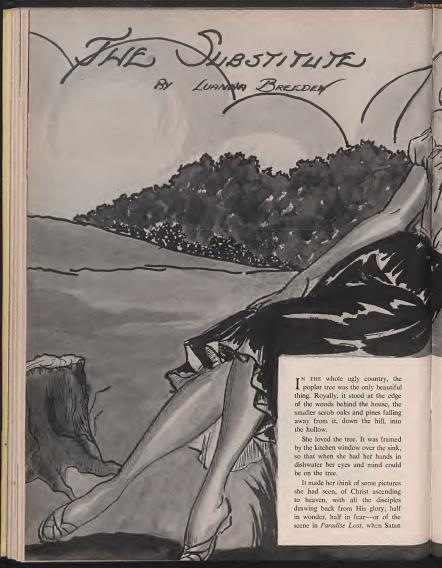
While purporting to chat amiably with South American girls, a pair of Wase Forest players impart cryptic messages to a trio of FBI agents. Argentine seats are all built high off the ground to keep loafers from kicking away the topsoil.



Spectators at the Pan American Games crowded onto the playing field even when a game was in progress. Here Max Eller, who has just hit a home run, pauses between second and third base to pass out subversive literature.



Taylor Sanford, coach of the Wake Forest spy and baseball club, practices deception by learning to write left handed. He also has cleverly reversed the USA on his uniform to throw off possible shadowers. He is making notes on the possibility of using the Buenos Aires ball park as a landing place for prartoropers.





STRUTS AN

The nine-year story of players who have trod their



Jack Easley, president of the Little Theater in 1942, instructs the cast during rehearsal for forthcoming play.

The LIGHTS burn late in the college Chapel. Notices begin to appear all over the campus to the effect that a play is to be given. Students of the School of Business

Administration are terribly distracted by hammering, sawing and all sorts of other noises. A little later the play is presented, credits or criticisms awarded, scenery dismanted, and it is all over but the memories.

This procedure is repeated three more times during the year. Gradually, and very tediously, the Little Theatre has become recognized for the work that it does: producing plays. And yet, a person who has been at Wake Forest for some time can remember that this has not always been the case. He can think back to the twenties and thirties and remember that the occasions on which plays were presented here were few and far between. The Devereux Players, a small touring group that put on Shaw, Shakespeare and Ibsen, were seen once in a great while. The professors, their wives and children got together occasionally and gave a play. The

students, on rare occasions, imported actresses for a play. But there was no college Chapel, with a huge stage and fair facilities. Oh, there was a Chapel. It stood where the Religion Building now stands, but sheets had to be used for curtains, lights were of the common incandescent variety, and productions were a hardship for all concerned. But Wake Forest wanted drama, and yet at the same time didn't, or didn't know how to go about getting it.

When coeds were introduced as a permanent fixture at Wake Forest, things began to happen all over. In June of 1942, a clever writer on the Howler staff came up with an ingenious take-off on the lack of any drama group on the campus. It seems that the only characters represented here were Falstaff and Shylock. These two may be found anywhere, anytime. The article was indeed humorous, but it again showed the attitude prevalent at the time: Wake Forest wanted drama.

Thus it was that probably the most significant single event of the year 1942-43 was the establishment at Wake Forest of a really active dramatic society-The Little Theatre. It was an ambitious step for a group of students to take, but drama had been too long neglected. At the outset, two small groups were formed, but both decided that more good could be done if there could be a uniting of the forces. As might be expected, real initiative was taken by the Co-eds. Beth Perry was the most prominent figure in the organization. Backed by Betty Stansbury, Elizabeth Jones, Betty Williams, Jack Easley, and Alice Lee Harris, the Little Theatre became a working organization that settled down to the task of putting on plays at Wake Forest. It might be thought that one or possibly two productions



One of the highlights of the 1942-43 season was "Wuthering Heights." Here Cathy Ernshaw, heroine of the play, dies as Heathcliff tries to revive her.

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brief hours on the stage of The Little Theatre.

would be put on that first year, but such was not the case. "Jane Eyre," "Wuthering Heights," "You Can't Take It With You," and "Arsenic and Old Lace," four plays all of good dramatic calibre, were given in the first year of operation for the group. As no stage was available on the campus, the group was forced to present its work on the local High School stage. The result was the beginning of a drama group working before an audience that had had almost no drama whatsoever shown it before. The Little Theatre was on its way.

The following year saw the second World War taking quite a toll on the already small membership of the infant group. Again the same names were seen on the programs, with the addition of some new aspirants who wished to become sons and daughters of Thespis. The season was opened with O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness," followed by "The Bat," and "Rebecca." The year passed and the improvement was 100 per cent. But sets, lights, props, and above all, a home for the group were badly in need of increase. But the enthusiasm of the group was boundless.

It might be noted here that the authorities of the school, though they had to be educated, as it were, on the need for dramatics, were fast to supply as much monetary support as was possible. Under the leadership of Alice Holliday, the Little Theatre acquired a room of its own on the third floor of the Alumni Building, Professor Aycock, faculty adviser at the time, designed a complete set of flats that the school paid for. The quality of those flats is proven by the thick crust of paint that may be seen on them today. They are still in use. Lights and props began to accumulate. And for the first time a play was seen by a foreign audience when the sets and props for "Night Must Fall" were loaded into an army truck and taken to Fort Bragg, where the play was received as one of the best of its type to be presented there. The interest, membership, and bank account all increased and the group at last was on its feet.

By this time the Little Theatre had become a recognized organization on the campus. They had gotten over most of their growing pains, and the work they were doing was, for such a young amateur group, exceedingly good. The student body had caught the fever, and almost all the shows were well patronized. Improvement was seen with the raising of the curtain for each new play.

The years from 1945 to 1948 found the members of the Little Theatre organized into a smoothly working team, and a spirit of fun pervaded the entire group. As before, four plays were put on each year and all were received with much enthusiasm. Light comedy, melodrama, love, and above all theatre, were presented with an excellent taste in selection.

It is a fact that Modern Drama had its birth in the writing of Henric Ibsen, the great Norwegian playwright. And in the Spring of 1949, the Little Theatre had its own rebirth in the presentation of Ibsen's "Ghosts." Just as it was an ambitious undertaking to begin a drama group, so it was a big undertaking to put on a play of the depth of "Ghosts." It was at this point that the group began to produce not only good, but the best drama. As a work of art, "Ghosts" eludes the superficial reader, and more so the casual observer. Behind the mask of Ibsen's prosaic dialogue and pretense at ordinariness lay the face of the ironist and poet, which could be embodied by no shallow-thinking actors. But just as

By Bob Bennett

the play itself when first produced was the rallying point and spark for the later greats in modern dramaturgy, so it was the spark that set the Little Theatre on a path that moved in only one direction: UP.

However, the following play rather overshadowed the wonderful performance of "Ghosts." It appeared that there were now new worlds to conquer in the form of the plays by the immortal bard, Shakespeare. Only a comparatively small number of the group were willing to attempt it, but they were able to convince the rest that it could be done. So it was that a new mark was reached, when, on the first night of the annual Magnolia Festival, the curtain rose for the first production of "Othello." Nothing seen in a

"Hamlet" is well remembered as the outstanding play of the Little Theater in 1950. Bob Phelps as Hamlet, and Betty Jo Ring, as his mother, gave superb performances before the Magnolia Festival audience.





Another praiseworthy production of the '50 season was Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset." Outstanding in their roles were Dr. H. B. Jones, Bob Swain, George Spence, and Sunny Snyder.

previous play given by the Little Theatre could be compared with this. The superb acting of Milton Marney, Bob Phelps, Betty Pringle, and Professor C. A. Allen's sets, made "Othello" by far the best play ever given here. The school authorites were so impressed by the performance that they asked that each Magnolia production thereafter be a Shakespearean play. The financial support for such a program was immediately granted and it became The Little Theatre's first tradition.

The play-selecting committee for the next year pulled out all the stops, and only the very best plays were given consideration. Opening the 1951 season was Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," the greatest love story of the stage. It was at this point that the stage of the new Chapel was for the first time put into use for the production of plays by the Little Theatre. Again Professor Allen designed sets that were both colorful and effective, setting the stage for this memorable play. But the new stage had not yet been properly equipped, and without the least suspicion on the part of the audience, the sweating stage crew was forced to employ some most unorthodox methods of changing the scenery.

Following "Cyrano" came "Winterset," Maxwell Anderson's great play of social injustice based on the famous Sacco-Vanzetti case in Boston. Again a drama of dynamic force and flowing poetry was presented in an irreproachable manner.

Magnolia time came again, and with it the greatest play ever written, "Hamlet," which established the Little Theatre solidly as an organization capable of tackling any play ever written. Bob Phelps, Betty Jo Ring, Jean Johnson, and Clyde Randolph all turned in excellent performances in their roles. It may be said with no reservation that the year 1950 belongs to Bob Phelps. As President of the Little Theatre he did much to give the extra spark needed to keep the group at its peak, although his law studies didn't quite receive the time they needed.

Under the guidance of Professor Shirley, great strides had been taken since the birth of the Little Theatre seven years earlier. The College hadinstalled more new equipment on the stage which greatly facilitated the designing of intricate and more effective settings. Lighting by Dave Herring and Hugh Pearson had become a more integral part of the over-all productions. Beter costumover-all productions. ing and make-up added to the color and reality. Still there was immense room for improvement, and the group was aware of it. Constructive criticism was helping to bring to light little details which hadn't been seen before, and betterment was the by-word.

The 1950-51 season opened with

"Cyrano de Bergerac," Rostand's poignant love story, was first on the Little Theater's program last year. Giving a notable performance was Bob Phelps, star of the play.



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One of the best productions of this year's group was "Angel Street," starring Joe Durham, Bill Waddell, and Doris Greene.



Sheridan's classic but outdated drawing-room comedy "School for Scandal." Here all the color of the Old French school of acting was presented and an indeed creditable performance of a difficult play was turned in. Following this came Ham-

ilton's "Angel Street." It was in this play that the Little Theatre reached a near-professional quality in every phase of the play that is seldom attained by a group without professional direction or instruction; acting, setting, lighting, make-up,

props: every element was carefully perfected, and the Little Theatre lived up to the predictions that this play would be "The Best Yet."

The Little Theatre has never had a full time member of the faculty to take charge of the directing and instruction. The adviser usually has had another activity besides a full day of teaching. None of its members have had dramatic training. Up until this semester, there was but one course offered in play-production, and that has now been discontinued, All of the work is done by interested amateurs who are willing to devote more time than they can spare to put on drama at Wake Forest. Yet there is no blind stumbling, and the results very well justify the means. A few of the members of the Little Theatre have used it as a stepping stone into further training in the field of drama, a field which requires and accepts only those talented persons who are willing to give their lives to the theatre. Some of those who continued their work in drama after leaving Wake Forest include Beth Perry, Betty Stansbury, Elizabeth Jones, Bob Phelps, and George Spence.

Of the activities on the college (Continued on page twenty-four)

The opener on the 1950-51 program, "School for Scandal," was a difficult





HE WHO LA

A. J. Farragut sat behind the immense desk in the walnut-paneled office, smiling inwardly, full of his own importance and enjoying the feeling of omnipotence that he derived from the operating of a little private world which he dominated despotically. Others found this office oppressive, much too dark and sombre, and so perfectly in order

that it was almost irritating. The desk had not a single scrap of paper on it which was not in place. A. J. disliked disorder; it gave him a sense of panic, as if he would lose something of his private store of power if everything in his little world was not labeled and neatly filed away. The people who labored in the large office outside always checked their

appearance before going into A. J.'s office; he had been known once to tell one of the secretaries that she needed to straighten the seams of her stockings.

A. J. cleared his throat—it was a nervous habit—and pushed up the glasses which had moved slightly down from the bridge of his nose, that thin-nostriled, constantly sniff-



A UGHS LAST

by Douglas Hall

ing nose with the fine network of red veins running from it into the checks. There was a list of prospective employees on the desk, and A. J. was reading over the names, remembering with an almost sadistic sort of pleasure that for each name listed there was an eager, servile, bumbled creature waiting outside for an interview, very anxiously, hoping

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to be the favored one, thinking all the time how badly he needed the job, how much it would mean to the folks back home, to the kids who needed milk and shoes and warm winter clothes. Jobs were very scarce this winter; when A. J. had let it be known that there was a position open for a chemist in the laboratories of the large pharmaceutical manufac-

turing house which he owned and operated, the office had immediately been filled with chemists, good and bad ones, some with two or three degrees, some who had been teachers, some who had ben teachers, some who had bent teachers to the transfer of the some who had better this depression had hit.

A. J. was taking his time. He (Continued on page twenty-nine)



My Friend, R. B.

By Carl Meigs

Twarm spring night. He was tearing across the campus with that peculiar lope of his, rolling his eyeballs at the moon and slapping his galloping leg with a rolled-up newspaper.

Now I was walking very quietly and quite decently by Wait Hall when this Dawes character came windmilling up to me and almost knocked me down with exuberance.

"Gosh," he shouted. (This is not the word he used, but I couldn't find that other word in the dictionary.) "I got spring fever, I guess! . . . gosh, what am I going to do? Huh?"

With that he took off for the library loping like he was stepping over corn rows. Well I sat on the steps of Wait Hall to recuperate from the shock of it all. I shook my head because I knew then what I know now. That Dawes character is really hopeless.

Now don't get me wrong because as I said, he's my friend, and I don't want you to think I'm throwing off on him. I haven't had that course in abnormal psych, but I've got some friends who have, and besides I know right much of that psychology stuff anyway because I read it a lot in the Sunday newspapers. Well, I've decided that this Dawes friend of mine is living in a schizophrenic dream-world, possessed with paranoic tendencies and delusions of grandeur, all mixed up with a little manie-depressive psychoses.

Let's take that schizowhatsiz part, R, B, has been coming to college here for three years. (His first year was spent at Duke which no doubt had permanent effect on his personality.) And during these three years he has been living in an academic dreamworld. He goes to class when he feels like it, gets assignments when he feels like it, spends his time reading irrelevant books in the library, and holds a claim to the all time I-can-cut-and-still-pass record. See what I mean about hopeless?

When he goes to class he doesn't enter conventionally and take his seat normally. He bounces in, drapes himself, all six feet of him, around a desk—elbows, knees and all. He doesn't take notes on class. (See what I mean about living in a dream world?) He just sits there and either sleeps or looks profound which usually means that he's just sleepy.

How does R. B. pass? In R. B.'s classes there are usually two or three eager souls who take notes quite copiously. These scholars are usually good friends with R. B. before the semester is over.

Let's take that part about his persecution complex and his delusions of grandeur, R. B. among other bugs has the writing bug. Sometimes he comes thundering up to me saying, "Hey, I got a story . . . you got to read it. I think it's the best thing I've done." And so I read his story, and maybe I don't like it. For two weeks I am no longer R. B.'s friend, (paranoia, see) and then he'll finally come around and say that I was right and that he thinks the story smells too. But that doesn't stop him because he's convinced that he has something in the writing way (delusions of grandeur, see). Maybe he is a writer, I don't know. He won't let anybody read his stuff except close friends and fellow typewriter fiends.

When he first went to college he wanted to be a lawyer but he got this interest in creative literature and is now taking a major in English. As for his writing, he's had all of Dr. Folke's creative writing courses, and last summer he worked on his hometown paper, The Roxboro Courier Times.

But R. B. doesn't confine himself to the literary life. He likes to fish and hunt. He shoots pool, drinks Coca-Colas on week-nights, and he plays baseball.

Baseball is really another one of R. B.'s bugs. When he was in high school he was varsity pitcher. He has pitched for semi-pro teams "for years," he says, and last summer he pitched in the state semi-pro tournament. He lost, but that is beside the point. He says he considers himself to be the best pitcher at Wake Forest college, excluding the players on the varsity. (More delusions, see).

(Continued on page twenty-two)

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Girl of the Month

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MY FRIEND, R. B.

(Continued from page twenty)

R. B. considers himself to be a genius to a certain degree; he took an I. O. test once which didn't verify his assumption. Therefore, he knew he was right in believing that I. Q. tests are no criteria for intelligence.

He is absent minded enough to be a genius which has caused others to assume that he is a profound intellect. Over in his room at Miss Annie Crudy's house, he has been known to spend quite some time looking for his bedroom slippers only to find them on his feet.

When R. B. was four years old, he gave a precocious demonstration of this genius. He showed remarkable ability to add, subtract and manipulate much problems in his head; however, his entrance in the first grade marked the beginning of a steady decline in his ability with things mathematical. The decline reached its lowest and final depth, he says, when he almost failed an elementary math course at Wake Forest.

Well, it's no wonder R. B. is a case. When he was in high school, he was voted the most comical character in the senior class and they gave him that title in the annual. Maybe that's why he hasn't had his picture put in all the annuals here. Any little thing like that can do wonderful, I mean horrible, things to your personality. And then that one year at Duke: that would be enough to . . . well, you know.

I have been hoping that R. B. will settle down after graduation this year and become a respectable citizen, but I don't think that is what he plans. He told me that he plans to see the world, but not in an organized tour sponsored by such groups as the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, etc. Another aim he has in mind is, in his own words, "the gratification of long repressed basic urges." This is not clear to me. I think he means he would like to work on a farm for a while.

R. B. could be a lawyer like his father, or he could teach school like

his mother. Both are decent and respectable positions. He could even do newspaper work. This isn't quite as respectable, but it is a field in which he has had some experience.

Aside from working on the newspaper at Roxboro, he did some work on the campus paper here last year. In fact, he had a column entitled "Letters to the Editor." But I think the editors finally took the column away from him because all he would write about was the corruption in the honor system, and everybody knows that you weren't supposed to get worried over the honor system until this year.

Well, you can see this guy is really a screwball, but don't get me wrong. R. B.'s my friend and I don't want you to think I'm throwing off on him.

To tell the truth, I never have figured out his psychology completely. Take the other day for instance, I was talking to my friend Little Eva Ecnerwal about what a screwball this Dawes friend of mine is, when she pops out with something like this:

"Now listen here, you stop saying all those mean things about that boy. I know him and he's a very nice boy." She sounded off on the very like the noon siren. "He took me home to Durham one time," he said. "He not only took me to my very door, but he got out of the car, opened the door for me and took my bag into the house."

So there you are. All I could say was "Who? Him'?"

And then another time another friend said to me, "Really, he's one of the smartest boys I know. I had an essay course with him, and you should have heard his vocabulary. Wonderful!" After all that she had to gasp for air after wonderful.

So there you are. I try to figure this character out, thinking maybe I will be able to give him some advice, don't you see, since he is my friend. But then I hear all sorts of things like those and I have a feeling that I don't know him as well as I thought I did.

I even hear reports now and then

that Dawes has been to B. S. U. and Westminster Fellowship. This feat is no small accomplishment and requires enormous amounts of self-discipline and social ability. I also hear that he is really a very open-minded person, too, not really as prejudiced and dogmatic as he sounds when he drawls out his stupendous vocabulary.

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So there you are. After all those three-cups-of-coffee nights downtown and all those long talks we had after educational psychology last semester, he still keeps cropping out with some new idea or brainstorm I hadn't thought of in connection with him. Well, that's the way he is; underneath those sleepy and sometimes bloodshot eyes, there's a something going on, a something that makes him forget classroom obligagations to go loping across the campus to read a novel or to thumb through the newspapers. And if anyone points him out to me, and asks me who he is, about all I can say is, "Him? That's my friend, R. B .--R. B. Dawes."

THE SUBSTITUTE

(Continued from page thirteen)
buds were the first signs of spring.
She liked it when its leaves took on
the colors of Joseph's coat, and fell
early.

She liked it in the winter time, when it stood bleak and bare, black and cold, and she could see the perfect arrangement of its limbs.

She thought all these things about the tree, but never told anybody, for there are some things that people don't mention, because talking about them doesn't sound sensible.

She was home from school one week-end in January. She looked out the window, and there was only a glittering, empty hole against the sky.

"Mother! Mother!" she screamed in panic. "What happened to the poplar tree?"

"Why—why—Sid said that they were offering good prices for poplar logs at the Veneering plant in town. He came up the other day and he begged so hard for me to let him cut it down that I just couldn't refuse. It made fine logs. He paid me five dollars for it. I didn't want to let him have it."

Her mother spoke haltingly. Her eyes said, Please, understand. Please don't take on so. Please, don't. But she never said those things aloud, for there are some things that people don't sav.

The girl turned back to stare at the empty place. Maybe her eyes were playing tricks. Maybe the tree hadn't been cut at all, and if she stared long enough at the empty place, the tree would reappear. Reintegration, like she had learned in psychology class.

Then she walked to the edge of the woods, and there was the stump where the tree had been cut off close to the ground, and a few smaller limbs.

She went back to the house and said harsh, hurfful things to her mother. She did not intend to say them, but she opened her mouth and the words came out, and she could not stop. She accused her mother of being willing to do anything for money, of selling something she loved for five lousy dollars.

Her mother said, "I did it for you. You wrote from school that you just had to have some spending money. That was the five dollars I sent you last week. I wish I hadn't done it, now. The minute I told Sid he could cut it, I wished that I hadn't done it."

Then the girl felt sorry and ashamed. She wanted to go to her mother, and say, "Mother, I understand, Mother, I love you with all my heart. Mother, I don't care about the tree. The important thing is, you love me." She wanted to put her arms around her mother, and maybe the terrible look would leave her mother's face.

But she could not say and do those things, because she was not that kind of a person. She wondered why she could not. She wondered why people are made so separate, so lonely. She wondered why people can not get close to each other, and say the things they feel. She knew

Dr. Harold W. Tribble Visits the COLLEGE Store Join the Celebrities "On the Campus"

(formerly the Hen House)

then, that individuals are locked in heart-tight compartments. Mother and daughter do not understand each other. Husband and wife do not know each other. Lovers can not touch each other.

So nothing more was said about the tree, and she went back to school.

The next month, when she was home again, she visited the stump. There she found pathetic evidence of her mother's contrition-a slender poplar sapling, dug from some other part of the woods and transplanted about a foot in front of the old stump, carefully watered and fertilized, the soft, newly-turned earth at its base protected by heavy stones. She compared the puny sapling to the poplar that had been there, and her own pettiness to her mother's greatness. Shame and humility welled up in her so strongly that again she wanted to run to her mother, but she could not. She was too old for anything like that, and besides, there are some things that people do not mention because those things don't make sense. The sapling stood there, a substitute for a poplar tree, for words that could not be said, for sympathy that could not reach sorrow.

She never told her mother that she had found the sapling, and her mother never told her that she had planted it, and a short time later the cows ate the leaves and broke the trunk off right above the ground.

STRUTS AND FRETS

(Continued from page seventeen) campus, dramatics is the most open to all; scholars, athletes, writers, teachers, all can take an active part in the production of a play. For the majority it is a great amount of pleasure, the burden of worry and problems usually resting on the minority. And since the birth of the Little Theatre that has been one of its primary functions: that of offering an outlet for all who wish creative expression.

Another important function of the Little Theatre is to present what is established to be the best drama to the Wake Forest audience, to bring its form of culture to the campus. Most people will agree that the times when the outside lights of the Chapel are lit are few and far between, or at least not as frequent as might be liked, but it must be remembered that there is no drama department at Wake Forest which means that credit cannot be given for work on plays. Yet the pride that comes from knowing that a job has been well done is all the credit that the Little Theatre members desire. The curtain calls, the writeups, these are our food.

Meanwhile, problems concerning the next Magnolia production "Macbeth" are pressing. Here again, all attempts are being made to maintain the fine standards set thus far, and "Macbeth" should be as good a play as, if not better than what has thus far been presented.

THEY SING TOO

(Continued from page nine)
hairdos; they had spent the night
in the home of a beauty parlor
operator.

Two of the boys were raving about the tricks they had seen some pigeons perform over the back yard of their host. Released from their cages, the pigeons, referred to by their owner as "tumblers," ascended about seventy feet into the air. There they made wide circles over the yard, quickly turning neat flips after every few yards of flight. In exactly fifteen minutes they returned to their cage, and the show was over. These boys had never seen one like it.

A busy day at Albemarle Wednesday precipitated the "cold wave," and sniffles began to devolop into healthy coughs. At noon the choir sang for the Lions Club in the Hotel Albemarle. In the evening they wheezed and sang in the First Baptist Church. While the quartet

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entertained at the high school during the afternoon, the others went shopping for medicine.

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From this time on, at least half of the choir complained of various ailments, chiefly along the cold line. Hardest hit, at first, were the sopranos. Mary Finberg, soloist, had been sitting out the concerts since Wingate, with Mary Nell Reed, the other soprano soloist, taking her solo parts too. Mary Nell herself was developing a sore throat, as were most of the other sopranos, and those in other sections were griping because the choir wasn't balanced.

The balance came as the robust weakened, along with their voices. Before it was all over, somebody from every section had missed at least one concert, and many of the others had put on some mighty fancy lip movement.

By Thursday, the company had collected 23 different brands of remedies. On the bus, about every other section of the baggage compartments over the seats held a box of Kleenex for public use. Such communistic cooperation kept the group, as a whole, in high spirits.

The good cheer was encouraged to the enthusiasm of the audience at Mills Home in Thomasville on Thursday morning. There, 379 children produced the loudest applausheard on the tour. The quartet, as well as the choir, enjoyed granting encores. During "Dry Bones" they went the limit on their anties, even putting on the countenance of skele-ton (which wasn't too difficult this late in the week).

Despite her irritated throat, Mary

Nell Reed came through beautifully for her home town audience with her solo in "Deep River." On the front row to hear it was her father, the superintendant of the orphange and chief host to the choir. After the concert he led them over to the cafeteria, and they were filled with barbecued chicken when they left Mills Home for Rutherfordton.

Thursday night in Rutherfordton was probably the climax of the tour as far as aches and pains are concerned—at least in the view of the audience. By the middle of the concert in the First Baptist Church there, a coughing splurge had reached every corner of the choir loft. After the ninth number, which happened to be "He Never Said a Mumbalin' Word," there was a long pause. Mr. Mac was fumbling desperately with his robe.

A soprano on the front row had coughed incessantly during the last song, and Mr. Mac was after his cough drops, to give her relief. He finally produced the box, but the cough drops were stuck fast. The silence became embarrassing, the snickers began to crop up in various spots over the audience, unaware of the choirmaster's troubles.

At last Mr. Mac gave up the fight and tossed the box to the suffering soprano. Then he turned to the audience and fold what had happened and why, explaining the condition of his choir and pointing out that he himself was too weak to conquer a cough drop. That broke the tension, and while the audience laughed, everybody in the choir seized the opportunity to have a good cough without restraint.

Mary Nell Reed woke up without a voice Friday morning, and Anita Elkins became the soprano soloist for a while. The choir had to leave Rutherfordton without Mrs. Mac-Donald, the possessor of a migraine. It wasn't easy to leave her behind, but Rutherfordton was a good place to do it. There were 150 miles of mountainous road to cover on the way to Knoxville that day, and Mrs. Mac was left in the hands of good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peagram. They were also kind enough to drive her to Lenoir Saturday morning, where she waited for the tourists to return from Tennessee.

Meanwhile, the boys practiced the "Tennessee Waltz," which had been requested as a special addition to the program at Knoxville. Gordon Middleton, bass, had even brought his guitar along. As a result, hillbilly tunes had dominated the "community sings" on the bus all week.

The choir was worried about their rendition of the "Tennessee Waltz,"



fearing that their act of murder might boomerang in Knoxville. When they got there, it was a wonderful relief to hear that the president of the Exchange Club, which sponsored the concert, had decided that it might not be wise, after all, to sing that song. The performance was to be in the Central Methodist Church.

More good news was the arrival in Knoxville of Nancy Priester, who had been absent from the group since the Thomasville concert. Another soprano victim of the cold germ, Nancy had returned to her home in Albemarle Thursday afternoon. By Friday morning, she had recovered to a singable condition. Her sister had driven her all the way from Albemarle, almost 250 miles, in order that she might sing Friday night. Mary Finberg, too, returned to the choir loft for this concert.

After riding and coughing all day and singing and coughing half the night, the battered vocalists were ready for their beds without additional entertainment Friday night. The girls were paired up in private homes, as usual, and the boys were put up in four rooms of one of Knoxville's better hotels. Despite their battle fatigue, the six boys in

one room had to have their bull session. Of all the overworked subjects to sacrifice sleep for, the honor system was it, until three a.m.!

Five hours later the crew pulled out for Asheville, where they were scheduled to appear at 12:30. They had stopped there for dinner the day before and then continued to Knox-ville on Route 70. On the return trip, they decided to take the scenic route through Gatlinburg and the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. At Newfoundland Gap, in the heart of the Park territory, they stopped for a half-hour's stretch and a good view of the grandeur which lay below them.

This second visit to Asheville, complete with police escorts, was probably the highlight of the tour. The choir undoubtedly came out on the long end of the bargain in their exchange of entertainment with a group of distinguished Wake Forest alumni.

The colorful master of ceremonies through it all was Attorney George Pennell, a greying, sprightly little man who is a former president of the Asheville Alumni Association. When the bus arrived in Asheville, he stepped aboard and was introduced by Mr. Mac. While he pointed out interesting seense along



the way, Lieutenant Jimmy Simpson, chief of the motorcycle squad of Asheville's police department, cleared the road to Grove Park Inn, with siren screaming.

At the grandiose Grove Park Inn—where presidents spend the summer, celebrities play golf in the front yard, and rates are twenty-one dollars a day—the choir sang and dined. It was during the concert there that Mr. Mac read a telegram he had just received from President Tribble:

Sorry to hear of sickness in glee club but delighted with good reports of concerts. Best wishes to all for better health, much fun and safe and happy completion of tour. Wake Forest is proud of our glee club.

After dinner, Mr. Pennell introduced the alumni present, and about a dozen of them put in a word for Wake Forest. It was something like a pep rally in the chapel on the campus.

After they had completed dinner and had been guided through Grove Park Inn, the Wake Foresters departed for Lenoir . . . but not without a pompous parade through Asheville. Lieutenant Simpson was joined by three other officers, and the four motorcycles screeched off, with sirens wide open and Ralph fighting the wheel of the bus close behind.

In a complete circle, through every main street of town, they swept. The ring of the Wake Forest fight song was drowned out by the shrill outcry of the four sirens. Downtown traffic ceased, and alarmed Saturday shoppers turned





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streetward while the Wake Forest spirit roared through.

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As the bus left the downtown district, Mr. Pennell got off, and three of the motorcycles left the escort, while the choir rendered "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." They repeated it when Lieutenant Simpson left them near the city limits. Shortly afterwards they sang it once more when Ralph removed his hat, wiped the sweat from his forehead and whistled through his teeth in relief.

A few miles out of Asheville, a bunch got a yen for some of that mountain cider they saw advertised. Like the cold germ, the craving spread throughout the bus. The road was crooked, but minds were set on cider, so the bus was stopped long enough for one sucker to fetch a gallon jug and an armful of paper cups. While the bus twisted through the mountains, he staggered up and down the aisle, slinging cider at the cups. Everybody complained later that the cider was no good, because it hadn't spotted anybody's clothes.

The choir arrived in Lenoir late Saturday afternoon with a free night on their hands—the only one during the tour. Before supper time they went to the homes where they were to eat and sleep that night, and they all took baths, whether they needed them or not. (And most of them did.) Then they gorged, with no fear that full stomachs would bother their voices. It was nine o'clock before all the gluttons had waddled into the town's recreation center. There, Lee Rhodes, a Wake Forest student, kept busy seeing that the choir was happy, even to setting up pins while they bowled.

Before the concert in the First Baptist Church Sunday morning, Lola Kemp, a soprano, brought in bad news. Mary Morrison Stanland, her roommate on the tour, had been sent to a hospital, where she must remain for a few days with virus pneumonia. The choir faced the fact that it was no April Fool's trick only after they had entered the choir loft without her.

It was a well balanced choir now. Mary Morrison had taken an alto voice with her; Harold Stephens, the quartet's bass, was sitting in the audience with a raw throat; and at least two tenors were faking. Harold was replaced in the quartet by Burt Corpening.

Before leaving Lenoir, the bus went by the hospital. Mr. Mac, Lola and Sara Page Jackson were admitted to see Mary Morrison. They returned with the report that she was in good spirits but sorry that this was no April Fool doings. Mrs. Mac, now feeling fine, was taken back into the fold, but she was a trade for Mary Morrison.

In Reidsville Sunday night, where the choir made its last appearance (in another First Baptist Church), everyone was elated—over the approach of the tour's end.

That final concert had the quality of loudness, if no other . . . because the choir was celebrating. Even those who had only moved their lips Sunday morning emitted some sort of sound. Mary Nell Reed's voice had returned to its proper location, and for the first time since Tuesday morning, all the sopranos were singing (ostensibly).

One little tenor with stomach pains, however, was supported by the wall throughout the program. Until then, he had survived the entire tour without a touch of illness. That afternoon he had flashed his characteristic grin and remarked rather casually, "These sickly peo-

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ple don't get this travellin' too well. do they?" Now he was sorry he had said that.

Fresh air, and the thoughts of boarding the bus for the last time, cured all ills for everyone, at least temporarily. On the homeward trip, the 'corniest' of jokes went over big. It was a paradise for would-be humorists.

Ralph drove to Wake Forest as if he were returning home after five years overseas. The bus pulled into the circle behind Wait Hall about the time the first bell rang in Bostwick and Johnson Dormitories. The girls could have beat the second bell if the boys had not been too weak to carry all their junk in one trip.

By midnight there were no more than three choir members in any one place-a sharp contrast from the past eight days of close communion in choir lofts and a bus. They were glad to be back, but they had had a coughing good time.

The next day most of them dropped by the infirmary to pick up some free pills to supplement the medicine they had paid for all over North Carolina. Two of them were put to bed, followed by two more later in the week. Friday night, Mary Morrison Stanland returned to the campus from Lenoir, and the tour was over in every respect.

Some of the singers may still be hanging around over at the infirmary. If so, they can probably talk by now. Drop by and get one of them to tell you the rest of the tour story. You haven't heard half of it vet.



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(Continued from page nineteen) knew they would wait. Many of them had been there since morning, and the growing dimness of the bleak wintry sky outside the slanted venetian blinds at the window told him that most of the men would have to come back tomorrow if they really wished to be interviewed. He knew perfectly well that they would come back, again and again, if he wanted them to. He pushed his glasses up on his nose again and ran his fingers along the part in his thin hair, smoothing down the already perfectly-in-place remains of what had once been a tousled, sandy colored mass, A. J. had a tendency to slump forward in his desk; his shoulders were rounded from years of slumping, and his expanding paunch showed that he did little outside the office to help in the fight of the battle of the bulge. Suddenly, as his eyes moved down the list of names of men waiting outside the closed office door, A. J. gave an involuntary start, straightened up in his chair, and moved his left hand nervously several times up and down the part in his hair while his right hand picked up a pen and wrote four names on a piece of paper: W. W. Sanderson, Charles N. Kelley, M. VonVundt, and Stanley Cashell. He then pressed one of a row of glittering buttons, cleared his throat, and spoke into a shiny box.

"I am ready to start the interviews. I have a list of those whom I shall have time to see this afternoon. You may come get it and tell the others to come back tomorrow morning."

Outside the private office, Miss

Tomlinson nodded her head in an automatic reply to A. J.'s orders and inwardly breathed a sigh of relief. The sight of the double-row of anxious-eyed men had long ago begun to annoy her. She was very tired of their constant flow of questions, to which she could give only one answer, "Mr. Farragut will see you when he is ready." She did not dare ask Mr. Farragut just when he would be ready; it wasn't that he had ever actually done or said anything to make her fear him, but she had too often known his quickly condemning glance and supercilious eye to be able to enter The Tomb-as his private office was whisperingly called by the staff of the companyunless it was absolutely necessary. Now she stood up, tucked her neat blouse carefully into her dark skirt, ran her fingers over her brown hair, short and with just the correct amount of Toni curl in the ends of it, and prepared to enter The Tomb. From the two rows of waiting men, all eves followed her movements. She really pitied them; they were intelligent-looking men, she thought, not at all like the common laborers whom she had so often seen apply for work here.

A. J. looked up as she entered, his face a mask, neither smiling nor unsmiling, but horribly penetrating and searching.

"Here is the list, Miss Tomlinson. I think I shall probably have time to see these four."

"Shall I send them in one at a time, Mr. Farragut, in this order?"

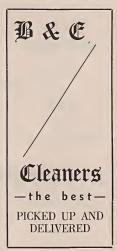
"In what order would you like to send them in, Miss Tomlinson?" His voice was edged with sarcasm, and Lilly Tomlinson was so startled she could hardly find words with which to reply.

"I'm sure I don't know, Mr. Farragut," she stammered. "I've never seen you interview persons for this sort of work before, and I just wondered how you wanted to go about it." She was close to tears, but she knew she must not let A. J. see that she was so weak as to be unable to control herself in the face of such a trivial situation. "Miss Tomlinson, if you will please go out and show in these gentlemen one at a time and in whatever order you think most logical, I will appreciate it. I think the usual procedure is to begin at the top of the list and work down, if you please."

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry—I—I didn't know—I thought—Excuse me."

A. J. watched her leave, a smug smile on his heavy lips, lips that were really quite sensual and therefore did not seem to blend with the rest of his appearance at all. He was in high spirits, for there was now a very real possibility of. his being able to carry out a plan for revenge that he had passively entertained in his crafty mind since his college days. The last name on the list of four was that of Stanley Cashell, and Stanley Cashell was a person not unknown to A. J. Farragut.

In fact, A. J. and Stanley had known each other rather intimately at one time in college, not through interests in common, but simply





from the fact that they had happened to live in the same dormitory, and only a few rooms apart, for two years. A. J. had been a year ahead of Stanley, but Stanley had always been the one who knew more about how things should be done, how to attract attention and friends, how to play up to the professors and make the best grades, how to get to the top in every organization, how to dominate any group on the campus. He had what people called a "wonderful personality" and knew

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everyone by the end of his first semester there, while A. L. who had already been there a whole year previously, found himself unable to call by name a fraction of the number of persons to whom Stan spoke and who greeted him so cordially. At first, the two had been quite friendly. Stan had the knack of playing up the few interests which they did have in common so that they appeared to be identical in likes and dislikes. A. J. was flattered and found himself drawn to this freshman who seemed so sure of himself that he even had others believing in him. He and A. J. were together a great deal, and A. J.'s dry humor and wit came to the surface when he was with Stan. He felt clever and was quite proud of himself. All the people who really knew A. J. appreciated him for his fine qualities: dependability, punctuality, industriousness. Now they saw a change in him: he laughed more and was louder and quicker to try to make himself known in a group. His academic work dropped noticeably in quality. He was with Stan whenever he could be, and it was obvious that Stan was setting the standards for both of them.

In this way A. J. and Stan carried out their college careers for almost a semester. Very soon, however, A. J. noticed that there were many others who liked to be with Stan and with whom Stan enjoyed being, even to the extent of preferring them to A. J., who saw himself being shoved farther and farther into the background of the picture of the perfect campus prototype which Stan was deliberately painting for himself. He dated often, became an active member of a fraternity, was a vital part of campus politics; all of these activities excluded A. J., who was so mousy and insignificant that few persons ever bothered to look at him the second time. In due time, when, A. J. saw how hopeless their friendship was. He had put all his trust and confidence in Stan, who had seemed to want it. Now Stan was purposely placing himself on a level completely out of the

reach of A. J., and so A. J. felt very hurt and very cheated. And most of all he was lonely, very lonely. He had offered his heart to a friend and that friend had neither accepted nor rejected it; he had done much worse: he had ignored it. Soon A. I. came to hate Stan, and always there was in the back of his mind a burning shame for having let himself be so tricked. Stan could not understand the sudden coolness he received from A. J., but it did not upset him. He was too busy to let one insignificant creature's snubbing him bother him, A. J. returned to his studies and made an excellent scholastic record. Stan continued as a campus leader and was also a good science student. They avoided each other as much as possible and A. J. determined that he would someday get revenge, for he was now consumed with a jealous rage. He longed to be, like Stan, a popular leader. He could not, and so he told himself that he would someday control Stan and then finally be able to feel himself superior over him. Others who were leaders did not fill A. J. with jealousy, for they had not, he felt, betraved him by first pretending to be like him and then alienating themselves from him.

All of these memories flooded the mind of A. J. Farragut, and he knew that the time had come; Stanley Cashell was outside, fervently hoping to be able to get a position in the firm of which A. J. was the director. Never in the wildest reaches of his imagination had A. J. dared hope for such a perfect situation. While asking the routine questions of the standard hope for such a perfect situation. While asking the routine questions of the standard hope for such a perfect situation.





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en in s the each-A. J. situaquestions of the first three applicants, he paid little attention to their answers. His mind was filled with visions of Stanley Cashell, nervously waiting outside the door, waiting and hoping. A. J. brought the three interviews to a rapid close, telling the men he would make a decision later and would notify them in the near future. He knew that Stan was expecting to be called next and that he was probably hoping that their old friendship might influence A. J. to select him for the position. Stan had been a brilliant chemistry major in college and would doubtless be well-qualified to take the position, but A. J. knew that his own opportunity had come, and he intended to make the best of it.

Again he pressed the buttons and spoke into the shiny box. "Please tell the last applicant that I have already made a decision and that the position is filled. Make that very clear. I do not wish to be distrubed any further today," he said with great finality, then moved swiftly across the room and very slightly opened the door to the outer office so that he could, hear what was about to take place and even, with one eye, earth a glimpse of the scene.

"I'm sorry, sir," murmured Miss Tomlinson, "the position has already been filled. I'm very sorry you have had to wait so long."

A. J. looked at Stanley Cashell. There was great disappointment, almost despair, on his face, a tired and lined face, so different from the one A. J. had known almost a quarter-century ago. The voice, too, was changed; it had lost its booming quality and its sureness. Now it was strained and agitated.

"But I'm sure Mr. Farragut will see me for a moment. If you'll just let me talk with him. We're old friends. He must not remember my name, but I'm sure if I could just see him, he'd remember me and wouldn't mind talking to me. It's very important that I see him. Won't you explain to him that I'm an old friend? If you'll just tell him that, I'm sure he'll remember me. Won't you please try?"

Miss Tomlinson was quite apologetic. It took all the courage she had, but she consistently refused Stanley Cashell's pleas. She explained that A. J. Farragut had been very final in saying the interviews were closed and that there was nothing more which she could possibly do.

Finally the man understood and



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left the office, his shoulders bowed as if under a great load. A. J. Farragut had witnessed the whole scene, without letting himself be noticed. Now he shut the door quietly and walked briskly back to the desk. His thick lips hummed a sprightly old melody, and he settled back down to work, feeling better than he had in years.

WE SPIED ON PERON

(Continued from page eleven)
masse to have a hot dog roast. A
street vendor on the Calle Florida
stole all our A-bomb aspirin boxes,
but we may hear from them yet.

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Umpires at the Pan American Games carried sidearms and wore these distinctive uniforms. The cap is a protection against fly balls. Whenever a decision on a pitched ball is unpopular, the officials retreat into the small house and snipe at the crowd.

Two other things might rate mention. One of them is that Tunney Brooks did not really break his finger. We had to have a place to



Tucked away on the outskirts of Buenos Aires is this test landing field for Jet Planes. Notice wind socks at Jear end of strip. As yet the Argentines have no Jets, but expect to commander one the first time an American Jet overshoots the field at Pensacola. Until that time the test area will be used every night except Saturday by the National Marble Shooting Society. Saturdays are reserved for square dances.

hide pilfered documents, so we bandaged up everything but stolen bases in his hand. That story about Stan Johnson trying to smuggle two green parrots past the customs in Miami also was in error, he brought back the parrots, it's true, but in Miami he turned the birds over to the FBI. We had stuffed their craws with microfilm.

Perhaps the major result has been the effect of the spying on the team. We can't make a trip anymore without doing some undercover work. Perhaps it isn't wasted time. Maybe someday Wake Forest will have reason to invade Duke, State College or Carolina. If so, the detailed maps we're drawing of the playing fields and shower rooms will come in handy.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from page three) shoulde be ashamed. Muchlye have I turned in my grave thinking on this.

> Insulted, Geoffrey Chaucer

Editore's note: A backe yarde have we also, Geof.

AN OPINION

Editor:

You don't have to improvise letters of criticism of your magazine as per pages 2 and 3. Your last edition warrants grave criticism. Without equivocation or exception the last edition of THE STUDENT was the sorriest, rottenest publication that has come out of Wake Forest since I've been here-LOU-SY! You and your crowd have bragged about the "Woman's Publication Row." You certainly haven't contributed anything to the publications standards. We're disappointed -Score yourself a zero for the booby prize on the punkest STUDENT ever.

James A. Webster, Jr.

Eds. note: No comment.

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Campus Interviews on Cigarette Tests



"I may be a clown-but
I'm no fool!"

The might be the merry-andrew of the marshlands, but lately he's been downright glum about these trick cigarette mildness tests. Never one to duck facts, he holds

nothing much can be proved by a sniff of one brand or a quick puff from another. Snap judgments can't take the place of regular, day-to-day smoking.

That's why so many smokers are turning to . . .

The sensible test . . . the 30-Day Camel Mildness Test, which simply asks you to try Camels as a steady smoke—on a pack-afterpack, day-after-day basis. No stan judgments needed. After you've enjoyed Camels—and only Camels—for 30 days in your "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste), we believe you'll know why...

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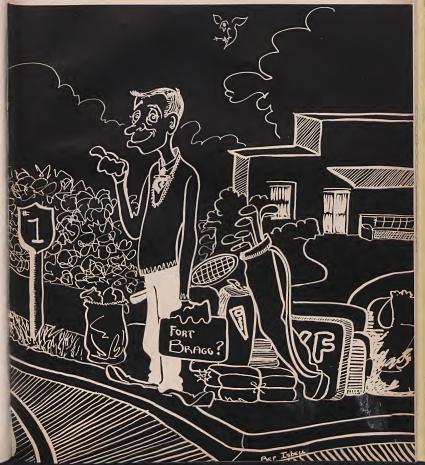
than any other cigarette!

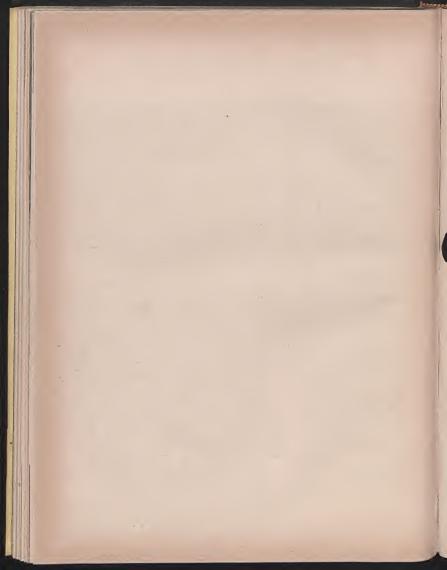
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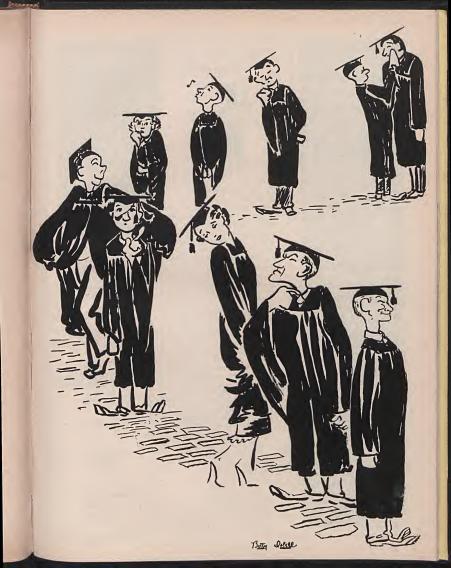
The Student

GRADUATION 1951

VOL. LXVI. NUMBER 5







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WE PICK UP

AND DELIVER

Letters to the Editor



The Straight and Narrow Dear Ed.,

Well, this winds it up for you and yours. Me and the other big bosses around here are glad you took our advice and kept the mag clean this year. You oughta know by now that people who don't do as we say ain't long for this neck of the woods. Right? Alright.

Like I said, you been pretty good about keeping the mag out of the gutter—no smutty jokes, no filthy stories, no sexy pictures. Us big boys that let you print that magazine don't stand for such nonsense. We set the standards and make the hand-outs. You done good to realize who cracks the whip around this school. And we sure know how to crack it. Richt? Alrieht.

Furthermore, we aim to see that things stay that way. Us and the whip, I mean. We don't want no radicals over in the office next year. We got ways to put in who us big boys want. Right? Alrıght.

Big Boss Tweedle Keeper of the Inner Circle

Editor's note: We're glad that you're glad we kept it clean, but you ought to see the lending library we're operating with our exchange mags.



A Loud Bark Dear Editor:

I've got a gripe to make to you. Me and my cohorts have been

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watching you all year, and every time the mag comes out we've been waiting to see if our names were in print. Well, so far you haven't given us any recognition and me and my buddies feel pretty darn slighted.

You've been running stories on several of the so-called big dogs on this campus, and whether you know it or not you've missed the biggest ones of all—namely me and my pack of thoroughbreds. How you could overlook us wheels is just more than we can understand. You oughta should be ashamed. We're proposing that you propose to do something about it. And quick.

Signed, Theodore Snuggs, B.A., M.A., Ph.D., D.O.G.

Editor's note: We felt so bad after reading your letter that we've gone and did something about it. If you'll turn a few pages you'll see what I mean. If you're still not satisfied, go smoke a cigarette.



True Confession

Dear Editor:

Enclosed you will find a manuscript of a short story to be considered for publication in your May issue. I've been wanting to send it to you for a long time, but somehow I just couldn't.

You see, it's awfully personal, all about a love affair of mine. I was afraid some people might not understand, but it doesn't matter so much anymore. It's all over and I think I would feel better if it were put in print for the whole world to see. It's really a rather tragic story and I think the readers would like it. I hope you can use it.

Sincerely, A girl in Bostwick

Editor's note: This thing is too big for us. Why don't you try Hollywood. They might do something great with it.



With Us This Year ...

Another final issue and with the prospect of vacation before us, the STUDENT staff is mighty glad of it.

Its been a long hard struggle getting things to work smoothly, but somehow its always turned out O. K. We've all pulled together to give you your 1950-51 STUDENT—those who wrote the stories, those who illustrated our pages, those who worked quietly behind the scenes without so much as a by-line for recognition.

This year's STUDENT magazine did not try to be spectacular. Our major concern was to turn out five issues that represented as nearly as possible the life on the Wake Forest campus. Sometimes it was difficult to track down talent, but from the available supply we tried to print the best.

There were a few on the staff who deserve much credit for a job well done. Carl Meigs, editor for 1951-52 was particularly energetic in turning in copy for the mag. Carl gave us two good short stories, one of which was selected by the North Carolina Collegiate Press Association as one of the best in the state. In addition he knocked out three fine character sketches and gave invaluable service in the production of this issue.

Tom Walters, "Everybody's photographer," somehow found time to remove himself from the dark room and the chemistry lab occasionally to give us some fine pin-up pics along with cover prints and picture coverage for special features.

Filched from the Howler office, Bet Isbell gave us two fine covers, several character illustrations, and introduction pages. Bet very adcquately filled the gap left by Dan Pierce, art editor for the first two issues who left school and joined the armed services. Also along the artistic line we had Tom Mezger, Suzanne Dyer, Charlie Billings, Skip Cello, Doncal Pascal, and Carrie Davis, who took their pens in hand and did story illustrations, lettering, and cartoons.

Bynum Shaw, one of our more seasoned journalists, came through with some very entertaining bits of journalism, notably the Argentine feature.

Luanna Breeden, an up and coming writer, contributed two fine short
stories. Neil Gabbert, stolen talent
from the Old Gold office, handed
in a splendid coverage of the A
Cappella choir trip. Others such as
Ray Williams, Harold Powell, A. C.
Gay, Doug Hall, Bob Bennett, and
Bill Waddell also gave of their time
and talent to insure the success of
the magazine.

Probably the two members of the staff least known to the student body, never made their appearance on the Wake Forest campus, but without them you wouldn't have a magazine. One of these is Mr. Nat Barrow, shop foreman for Edwards and Broughton Company of Raleigh, who rightly deserves the title of Assistant Editor-in-Chief. Mr. Barrow has lent an understanding ear and a helping hand to the trials of putting out a magazine. Anyone else would have strangled the editor long ago. He's been real nice.

Our other staff member is Mr. Elmo Barnes of Steams Engraving Company. Mr. Barnes has taken more pushing around than most of our crew. More times than one he has rushed through work for the STUDERT in order for us to meet the deadline, and he has also helped in solving some of the fine points of engraving that we knew nothing about. He's been real nice too.

Now that it's all over, we see a lot of mistakes we've made, and a lot of things that could have been better, but on the whole we're pretty well satisfied. It's been a lot of trouble, but then, it's been a lot of fun too.

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EDITOR:

Jewell Livingstone

BUSINESS MANAGER: Bill Golding

> ART EDITOR Bet Isbell

ART: Tom Mezger, Skip Cello, Carrie Davis

EDITORIAL MATTER: Bynum Shaw, Luanna Breeden, Carl Meigs, A. C. Gay, Frank Sullivan, Bill Waddell, Ray Williams, Harold Powell

BUSINESS STAFF: Jim Abernathy, Margaret Floyd, Elizabeth Hill

PHOTOGRAPHERS: Tom Walters, Harold Powell

CIRCULATION: Nolan Barnes, Bill Greene, Taylor Sanford, Jr.

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The Pioneers of Wait Hall

by Frank Sullivan

ON THE THIRD floor of Wait Hall, there is a small corner room which happen things that may seem strange to many students who pass to and fro in the hallway. Had one of these persons chanced to look in, he would have witnessed a small group of students engaged in a unique adventure.

The stranger entering the room would see fifteen or twenty persons gathered around in conversation and work. These young people might be considered pioneers, for they are explorers in a relatively little known field of science—psychology. Here this group, composed entirely of seniors, carries on work that may be of vital interest in some new theory of psychology. All of their activities are a part of the Experimental Psychology class.

The room itself vaguely resembles a modern torture chamber. There are chairs placed around the edges of the room with two black-top tables, which may be used for anything from writing a love sonnet to dissecting some hapless victim. In one corner stands a contraption known as a sound cage, which re-

sembles a sort of electric chair more than anything else. Weird-looking instruments such as a psycho-galvanometer or an aesthesiometer are seattered about on the tables and in a locker in the front of the room. The windows are equipped with



Ann Kelly, hands tied to the psychogalvanometer, or "lie detector" sits with a subdued look as Ed Elliott watches to see if she is telling a lie.

heavy curtains and blinds to assure the right amount of darkness. To glance about, one unfamiliar with what actually went on there might be in constant fear that some sadiet tie fiend lurking in the shadows will reach out and grab him. The setting is perfect for a Frankensteinian drama to take place.

But, with all its strange appearance, the room witnesses activities which are only designed for the furthering of scientific knowledge. This class works under the direction and leadership of Dr. Robert Helm. Only majors or minors in the field of psychology are allowed to sign for the course because of the limited facilities.

The members of the class regard themselves somewhat as authorities in this field. In selecting subjects for experiments, they all class themselves as "sophisticated" because they are supposed to know what is going on. "Naive" subjects are those outsiders who can be dragged into the lab by any means possible. Usually they are some innocent students from Psychology One classes who have "volunteered." If the sub-





Ann and Ed watch the birdy as Ed gets ready to flash a slide with the tachistoscopic projector.

Ed sits in the "hot seat" or the sound cage listening for the buzzer, while Ann works the sound arm into a different position. Our author is in the back working the noise-maker and recording the results of Ed's perception.



ject, or the victim, is slightly damaged or even mangled, it is all for the sake of "Science."

There is daily adventure in store for the members of this class as they work on the numerous experiments which are run. They, are playing a part, however small, in a vast job of exploring the unknown. Experimentation is carried on in almost every conceivable aspect of this field.

The first experiments attempted by this group involved the testing of theories concerning the five senses-vision, audition, smell, taste, and touch. Working with an instrument known as the sound cage, experiments were run to test the perception of the localization of sound. The subject was placed in the chair with clamps around his head to prevent movement, and then the blindfold was put on. Although this sounds like another method of torture, the subject does no more than report the direction from which he perceives a sound. No damage is done to the subject at all.

In the field visual perception, experiments on a new idea were carried out. This idea has to do with the

(Continued on page twenty)

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A Man Now

Burt placed his hand on the boy's shoulder, "maybe you'd like to play a little."

By A. C. Gay, Jr.

THE LITTLE storage room atop Shorty's garage was lighted up. To reach it Charley Boy had to climb a tiny metal ladder attached to the wall directly behind the grease of the storage of th

Charley Boy was a grease monkey of sorts. He worked for Shorty. Now Charley Boy was not the kind of guy who readily takes to just any kind of work. He didn't exactly like the job. But he liked the atmosphere around Shorty's. You met all kinds of guys there. The right

kind of guys.

There was Big Mike for instance. Everybody knew Big Mike. Big Mike was a wheel. You couldn't just say he was a so-so mechanic. He demanded and got respect. That's what Charley Boy liked about Big Mike. Charley Boy would do anything that Big Mike asked him to do. You gotta be on the right side with fellows like him if you wanta get anywhere. He's a right guy. He knows the ropes. You can learn a lot from him. Charley Boy was a good one for figuring these things out.

Charley Boy had some news some important news—to tell tonight. It was a swell chance for him to make a good impression on Big Mike. Big Mike liked to get important news.

Charley Boy climbed up the ladder behind the grease pit. He paused a minute before he knocked on the door to the storage room. He wanted to kinda get himself together before he faced Big Mike. It wouldn't do to give him the wrong impression.

Charley Boy knew who was in the room. There was Lefty Thomson, and Burt Keyes, and Ralph Turner. Of course Big Mike was there. After all this was Saturday night. What else could a real guy in a hick town like this find to do on a Saturday night? What else other than get up a poker game?

Charley Boy opened the door. He gagged for a second as the cigarette smoke and the odor of beer enveloped his nostrils and seeped through his system. He quickly got out his handkerchief. It wouldn't do for Big Mike to see him gag on smoke and beer fumes. Better let him think you have a cold. Anybody can have a cold.

"Hey there, Charley Boy. You're just the man we're looking for."

Big Mike's voice was deep.

"How about running over to Cosy's and bringing us a case of beer. Here's the key to my car."

Big Mike's voice carried authority. Charley Boy took the key without saying a word. When Big Mike told you to do something you did it then. You didn't stand around to start a conversation. Charley Boy knew that what he had to tell could wait. He was doing something for Big Mike now.

It made Charley Boy proud that Big Mike always sent him after the beer. After all he was only seventeen. It showed that he had Big Mike fooled. Big Mike took him for a man. And when Mike takes you for a man you've got it made. There ain't just anybody who'll pick a fight with you then.

Charley Boy got the beer and went back up to the storage room. A conversation was going hot and heavy. He stepped back in a corner and watched the game. He could tell his news later.

They were talking about Henry Keeler. Keeler usually came to these Saturday, night: games. Big Mike wanted to know why in the hell he wasn't here_tonight. Charley Boy started to tell the news about Henry Keeler, but there was too much talking for him to break in.

Lefty Thomson spoke up. "I'll bet the bastard's left town. He owes me \$75.00. How much does he owe you. Burt?

"Eighty-three bucks."

"And you, Ralph?"

"Twenty-seven dollars, I think it is."

"I told you he was no damned good, Mike. The guy gives me the creeps. He's too mousey. I don't know why you ever brought him up here in the first place.

Big Mike slammed his cards down on the table.

"I thought we had this straight, Lefty, I invite whoever I damn well please up here. If you don't like it you know what you can do."

I didn't mean nothing Mike, but you know how Henry is. He just don't belong. He's as chicken-hearted as Mose Jenkins. You've noticed how his wife bamboozles him. He can't make a turn without her interfering. Yap, yap, yap, all the time. I don't like to associate with a guy who puts up with that kind of stuff all the time. It gets on my nerves."

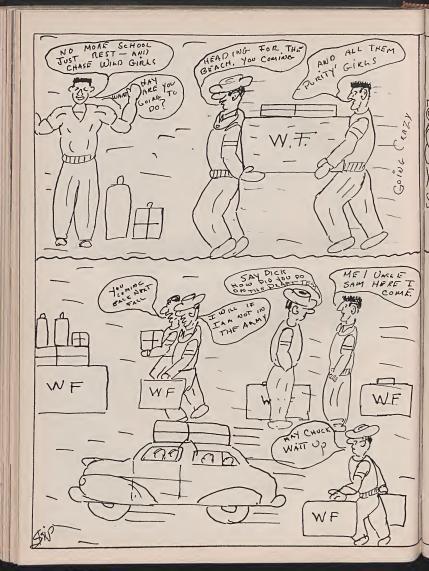
"Yeh, Mike," Ralph spoke up, "Henry's afraid of losing too. I don't like to play with a guy like that."

"I don't care what you guys think. Henry can play whenever he wants to. He's done me some favors."

Burt Keyes leaned his chair back against the wall. He stretched his long legs under the table. All of a sudden he brought his knees up under the card table and gave it a shove. Cards flew everywhere. In the confusion Ralph fell over and bruised his knee against a case of radiator caps.

"What the hell goes, Burt?"

"Did you guys come here to play cards or to shoot the breeze? That's all you've been doing all evening." (Continued on page twenty-one)





LONG

THE

They blow'r think that we could hear what they were saying—or they thought that one of us was too old and the other was too young to understand what was being said. They were wrong, though. We heard every word before we returned to the cool shade of the side porch. They didn't notice us when we left. They had hardly noticed us when we were with them. We were beneath their notice—a very old woman, a very young girl—two people the same age. But we had good ears.

In the first place, it was too hot for a family reunion, or for anything

UPON EARTH

By LUANNA BREEDEN

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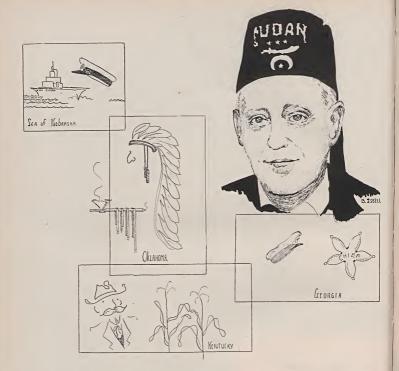
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else, but there was no stopping Aunt Rosa. Aunt Rosa had bossed the entire family around for so long that nobody even dreamed of disputing her authority. When Aunt Rosa said there would be a reunion, then there would be a reunion, then there would be a reunion, even if it was the middle of August and the hottest day of the year. All the Aunts and uncles and cousins happened to be down from New York and up from South Carolina at the

(Continued on page twenty-four)



A Salaam A Day Keeps The Doctor Away

by BYNUM SHAW

How'd you like to ride in a parade practically every day, eat all your breakfasts in ceremony, make innumerable luncheon speeches and be the guest of honor at a banquet every night?

Fun, huh?

Well, hold on to your fez. You can take it from Dr. Hubert M. Poteat, Wake Forest's number one celebrity, that such goings-on are great stuff taken in moderation, but as a daily diet they can get a mite burdensome.

In July Dr. Poteat will complete his year as Imperial Potentate of the Ancient Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, and while the year has been one rich in fellowship and experience, Dr. Poteat will be

(Continued on page thirty)

Goodbye

(With apologies to Ralph Waldo Emerson)

By BILL WADDELL

Goodbye, rock walls! I'm going home:
Thou wert one time my chum, but I dunno.
Long through thy learned crowd I've roamed;
An overcut joker with grades too low.
Long have they tried to penetrate my dome,
But now, rock walls! I'm going home.

Goodbye to the student's fawning face; To the prof with his wise grimace; To the Phi Bete's averted eye; To campus office, low and high; To crowded classes, to downtown street; To smiling hearts and hasting feet; To those who laugh and those who fret; Goodbye, rock walls! My feet are wet.

I may be going to the beach, To put all knowledge out of reach; Or swim and bask upon the sand; And hope to escape the draft's long hand. Possibly unto the hills I'll hie; In cooling breezes there to lie; Maybe to fish for bass and trout, And take some mountain women out.

At any rate, when I've gone home; I won't be thinking of Greece and Rome; And when I'm stretched beneath the trees; Or plagued to death with skeeters and fleas; I'll laugh at classes and at school, And probably remain a fool. But nevertheless, this rat race is run, Goodbye, rock walls! I'm going home.

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Deacs Who Are Dogs

A study in what the campus is going to

by RAY WILLIAMS and HAROLD POWELL

Y ELPS of delight and howls of outrage violated the usual serenity of the campus last week as the American Kennel Club announced that six Wake Forest poodles had

Perfection among poodles is evident in this race study of Buddy Anderson, liaison agent between dog groups of the town and the campus. The storm center of a recent controversy over election fraud, Buddy came away from the polls without a bid on this escutcheon. A student in the real sense, Buddy is shown here ponting after wisdom.

been chosen for inclusion in the publication, "Who's Who Among Canines on American College and University Campuses."

This is the first year that Wake Forest, long a haven for higher type hounds, has been so signally honored. In former years Wake Forest dogs have been given free vacations at the Wake County pound, but nothing ever was heard of them again.

Local dogs tagged for "Who's Who" include the following: Ted

Snugs, D.D. (Dog of Distinction); Theophilus Corey, Ph.D. (Polehunting Dog); Buddy Anderson, C.O.D. (Cat-Owning Dog); Beauty Bridger, D. O. G. (Dog); Spike Taylor, M.C. (Mongrei of Congress) and Scoop Clark, F.O.B. (Full of Bones),

The local AKC chapter, which is in the first year of its existence here, has elected Ted Snuggs as president. There were two other entries, but they were scratched at the last minute. Ted was included in

An honorary deputy on the Wake Forest law enforcement squad, Theophilus Corey is the favored pooch of the Student Center. Here he paws through a recent issue of "Billboard." Actually he doesn't give a hoot about the paper, but he has to read it to stay in good with the WFDD crowd. He is being groomed for sports announcing, and will do a spot cast next year from the Curtiuck race track.





Noted for his scholarly pursuits in the fields of English literature and drama, Dog of Distinction Ted Sruggs is the epitome of canine culture in Wake Forest. Ted was slightly indisposed when this picture was taken, having lost his Flea Beta Kappa key in some classical research after Miss Ho Williams' cat.

"Who's Who" because of his activity in and around the English Department. While he actually holds the rank of Instructor in Polemics, he audits a number of English courses, such as American Fiction, Advanced Grammar, Whitman, and Spenser. He just laps up culture. Besides Who's Who, he also is a member of Flea Beta Kappa and is a contributor to the Current History Quarterly. Ordinarily Ted can be found on the third floor of the Alumni Building boning up on the latest literary criticism or grading the quiz papers of his quadruped companions.

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Theophilus Corey, better known as just plain Theo, was recognized for his great interest in campus athletics. His specialty is pole vaulting. He also has shown some interest in politics and is in demand as a public speaker. His forte lies in his ability

(Continued on page twenty-eight)



Scoop Clark, high in the ranks of Wake Forest's mongrel clan, is unmatched as a fearless and fighting journalist. His current campaign is against quart-sized tin cans. In this picture he has cornered a can, and has just administered a terrible thrashing with the stick in the foreground. Exhausted (see exhaust on boardwalk), Scoop contemplates new journalistic sensations. In a minute or two he will scratch out a lively editorial, or a bone. Hard to tell about Scoop.

WE WEREN'T TAPPED, DOGGONE IT . . .

Track star "Ears" Grant, left, listens disappointedly as the Who's Who list is read off in chapel. Coed, Fifi Smith, center, well-known on the campus for her success in legging the profs finds she doesn't throw much weight around with members of the selection committee. At the right, Phi Bete Bones Miller, mournfully contemplates his fate. "I've not felt this bad since I flunked the Phillip Morris test."









GOOD BROTHER WEATHERMAN

By CARL MEIGS

Some people you like from the start, and George Weatherman is one of those people. He's one of those persons who speaks as if he means it when he meets you on the campus; when George says "How are you, brother" in his own way, you know he means it.

It may be this sincerity that makes George one of the best known and best liked students on the campus in spite of the fact that this semester is his first one here. But George isn't satisfied with just saying howdy; he knows the names of most of the students, their home town, and their county. This last trick of his is one of his famous characteristics.

It all got started back in Statesville, George's home town, when he and his brother, Rom, who graduated from here last year, used to have brain battles with quizzing matches. Now most of us who knew Rom, know that he was something of a brain, having played havoe with the "A"-making machine over in the registrar's office. George says that Rom has always been that way, and it was something of a problem to find a way to cook his brother's goose. But he did find a way. He memorized all the counties in North Carolina along with the county seats, and when he turned the quizzes around to the "county" questions, even Rom had to admit defeat. That sort of thing has been George's hobby ever since.

But this is just one of George's characteristics. The Young Republicans around here know George for his famous imitation of a famous Democrat now holding a prominent public office—namely, President Truman. When you get him in the right mood, George will treat you to a mimicry of his "I say it can be done" speech.

At a Young Republicans rally recently, it was George who charged the rally with spirit with his famous imitation. In fact he was so good that he is now indispensable at all Young Republican conventions. And George doesn't mind being indispensable because the Republican party is one of the two things to which George feels he must be loyal.

George's other loyalty is the Baptist church; he dislikes "unfair Republicans, and mean Democrats", but he does love "good Baptists." Some students know George by the name of "Preacher"—not because he actually preaches but because of his famous mimic of the old-timey, fire-and-brimstone evange-list. If you can get a crowd together and George in the right mood, he might deliver you a sermon on the spot. He doesn't mean any harm against the church; it's just another way he has of demonstrating his powers of mimicry. It isn't unusual to hear George greet a coed with "How are you, Sister Dolly" (He calls all girls "Dolly"), and when he leaves a friend over in the bookstore, his parting line may be, "Well, good brother, I'll pray for you."

Although a good many people know George as "Preacher", there are almost as many who have nicknamed him "Ernie Tubb" because this personage is also included in George's mimicry repertoire.

Now you may think along with other students that this mimicry business is the only thing that sets George apart from other people. That isn't so. George, having lived longer than most freshmen, has acquired something that most freshmen don't have—a philosophy.

It took years of varied living to produce this philosophy. It took years of going from job to job and meeting every kind of human animal alive. Isome of his thirty-odd years, George has worked as a paper carrier, a sodajerk, clothing-store salesman, bookkeeper in a bank, hosiery mill boarder, shipyard timekeeper, freight train brakeman, manager of a laundry and what he calls a "few other things." These "few other things" make up a long list of occupations that vary from soldier to Sunday school teacher.

The philosophy that came out of this sort of life is one that centers on a deep love for people. That's why he will call most anyone, "old friend," and that's why he gives you that half wink when he talks to you, as if he

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Ann Relly

Girl of the Month



BROTHER WEATHERMAN

(Continued from page eighteen)
were letting you in on the inside of
things. George has a way of making
people feel they belong.

People according to George's published and the skin. In fact, having seen a good bit of the world in the last war, George says that people are the same the world over. "The difference between a London merchant and a Statesville moon-shiner," he says, "is one of occupations. Europeans are just like Americans except that the Big Boss put them on the other side of the creek."

Knowing this, it's easy to understand then why George doesn't believe in social lines or color prejudices. It's easy to see then why George will do anybody a favor, just for the asking. "I'll tell you, brother," he would say, "there's a lot of bitgness in little people and to of bittleness in big people."

A confirmed extrovert by this philosophy, George is going to make use of his winning personality in the business world. George could have sayed home with his old job, but it wouldn't have been like him to pass up the opportunity offered by the G. I. Bill to take the business administration course here at Wake Forest. He's going to be a salesman, and he'll be a good one.

Things could have turned out differently. George might have been an ewspaperman like his brothers John and Rom; he might have been a lawyer. He might even have hoped to be President. He confesses that when he was little, he had that secret ambition. But now things are different; George is too smart to let himself get tied up with such a demanding position. "Shucks" he says, "I don't do anything but play the banjo and call square dances; I've never touched a piano in my life."

Well, George may never be President, but he'll never be lonely. You'll always find him where there are people. More often than not you can find him in the bookstore. You'll know him by his "good brother" or "good sister" greeting. Maybe you'll be lucky enough to hear one of his famous mimic demonstrations. Maybe he'll call you by your name and ask you how things are in Oaktree County. You won't need anybody to point him out; you'll see him, know him, and you won't forget him. You won't forget good brother Weatherman, not for a long, long time.



THE PIONEERS OF WAIT HALL

(Continued from page seven) increase of both the reading speed and comprehension of a person by merely viewing words flashed on a screen. Dr. Samuel Renshaw of the Ohio State University has perfected this experimentation, reporting an average doubling of the reading speed as well as a fifty to one-hundred per cent increase in comprehension among his subjects. Digits or letters are projected onto a screen by means of a tachistoscopic projector which flashes them up to speeds of one-hundredth of a second. All the subject has to do is sit and report what he perceives.

Using the same method and slides that Dr. Renshaw uses, this class ran experiments on each other. Then, they went out and captured a naïve subject attempting to improve his reading capacities. After many sittings over a period of several weeks, the class was able to report very favorable results.

Another experiment had to do with the perception of touch stimuli. In this an instrument known as the aesthesiometer was employed. It is a gadget that has two fairly dull points which can be moved closer or farther apart. By regulating the distance between the points and sticking the subject with them, results are gathered which determine the sensitivity of the body to touch. Fortunately, no subject has been permanently niured as of now.

Venturing away from the field of the senses, other experimentation was done involving emotion, asso-



"I see Thurlow finally hung his pin,"

ciation and learning. The instrument used in experimenting with emotion was the psycho-galvanometer, or what is commonly known as a "lie detector." A subject was chosen and connected to the apparatus. The experimenter then left the room while an object was hidden. Upon return, by asking questions and having the subject answer each in the negative, and then reading the results on the hart, the experimenter was able to find out which answer had been a lie. Thus the hidden object was found. This was repeated several times, with the discovery of the lie resulting every time. Such antics as this help to prove certain axioms in experimental psychology as well as provide the group with entertain-

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These are a few of the things which go on in that little room high in Wait Hall. Many other explorations into a vast field are being made by these young pioneers. Considering the lack of funds and facilities they are accomplishing much. Who knows? There may be another Watson or Freud in that tiny room!

A MAN NOW

(Continued from page nine)
"All right, all right, just watch the
temper."

Big Mike was furious but he would never mess with Burt. It suddenly struck Charley Boy that this was so. He wondered why as he set the table back up and picked up the cards.

"Thanks, Charley Boy. You're a good boy." Burt placed his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Maybe you'd like to play a little."

Charley Boy's heart jumped to his throat. That was what he had been hoping for all along. He thought Big Mike was his pal, but it turned out that Burt Keyes was his real pal. Who'd have thought it?

Burt spoke to the others. "We'll keep the stakes low, men." He was grinning, and you never could tell what was going on in his mind when he was grinning. "Charley Boy's just a beginner, you know."



It wouldn't do for Charley Boy to tell about Henry Keeler now.

No one spoke a word other than poker terminology. Charley Boy was as serious and as silent as the next one. He knew how to handle himself. This was what he had been looking forward to. He wasn't going to mess up. There was too much at stake.

He played a good game. The other players commented on it.

"Where'd you learn this stuff, kid?"

"Oh, here and there. Your deal, Ralph."

Charley Boy would tolerate no small talk. After all, Burt Keyes wouldn't allow it. Why should he?

It was a long game.

After awhile Burt said it was time for a breather. Everybody was willing. The tension gets a little tight in a poker game when no one speaks. Charley Boy was ready to stop. He was winning a little. The pressure was beginning to tell. Whet if he should lose all his check? It could happen. His pa would whip the daylights out of him. That was the one thing his old man wouldn't put with. Charley Boy could do just about anything he pleased as long as the check got home every week.

Charley Boy had been thinking about leaving home. That's what he'd do if he lost. Twenty bucks out of twenty-five was too much for the old man to get. He was a man now. This old stuff would have to cease. Maybe Burt could tell him what to do. He'd ask Burt about it pretty soon now.

Burt ought to know the right an-

swer. Charley Boy would tell Burt the whole story. Burt was a different kind of man from Big Mike. He could tell Burt his troubles and Burt would listen. He wouldn't laugh and say, "Don't bother me now, kid." Burt wouldn't react that way. Burt wan't that kind of guy.

Burt didn't talk much. You never heard him run down a guy over nothing. Charley Boy had heard it said that Burt had had some pretty bad knocks in his early days. That was the reason he never talked about anybody. He knew how it hurt when people laughed at something you couldn't help.

Charley Boy had thought all along that Burt was a good guy. The only trouble was that up until tonight Burt had never paid the least attention to him. This indifference always griped Charley Boy, but all was forgiven now. Maybe Burt would be interested in the news about Henry Keeler. He would tell him about it in a minute.

You could tell by the expression on his face that Big Mike wasn't at all pleased with the way things were going tonight. He called over to Charley Boy.

"Sonny, why don't you run get us some more beers."

Big Mike didn't really want anymore beer, but Burt had rather flattened out his ego and Big Mike wanted to take it out on Charley Boy. Big Mike hated Burt's guts. Burt knew that Big Mike was a bluffer. He had found it out long ago. He was always calling Big Mike's bluffs. No wonder he hated Burt. Too bad Charley Bog didn't know Big Mike was a bluffer.

Charley Boy had a hunch though. He thought he'd try it just for kicks. He was scared, but he spoke up to Big Mike. "I got the last beer, Mike. It's your turn now."

Big Mike's face reddened. He started to backhand Charley Boy. He caught Burt's eye just in time to withhold the blow. "Yeh, Mike, it's your turn now. Bring the kid a bottle of pop too." Charley Boy started to protest. He wanted beer.



"Pilot to navigator, Roger, Wilco, over and out."

Then he decided that maybe he'd better not argue the point.

Big Mike stamped out of the room. Burt settled back in a chair and looked at Charley Boy with quizzical eyes.

"Come here, Charley Boy."

He walked over. He was puzzled but nevertheless pleased at this attention from Burt,

"How old are you, son."
"Seventeen."

Charley Boy couldn't lie to Burt. It didn't matter with Big Mike. That's what Mike expected. Always put up the big front. That was Big Mike in a nutshell. Now Charley Boy understood about Big Mike. He didn't understand Burt, though.

"How long you been out of school."

"Oh, I quit a couple of years ago. That stuff gets old."

"What do you reckon your folks would say if they knew you were up here tonight?" "I don't give a damn what they would say. I take care of myself."

"Oh, I see."

Charley Boy wasn't enjoying the conversation. He didn't like all the questioning. What the hell was Burt driving at. Did he figure he was a kid or something?

Burt leaned back and puffed on his pipe. He was smiling.

"O.K., Charley Boy. Take it easy. I ain't trying to be nosy. Just won-dering."

Charley Boy sat down. He was still feeling uncomfortable. He resented being looked upon as a kid. He knew what he'd do. He'd tell Burt about Henry Keeler. A good story ought to keep Burt from asking so damned many silly questions. A good story always impressed a guy.

"Burt, did you hear the news about Henry Keeler?"

Charley Boy tried to make his voice sound as casual as possible.

"What was it, Charley Boy."

"Keeler shot himself about supper time. I thought probably you'd heard."

"Hell, no, I hadn't heard. What did he do it for?"

All attention was directed toward Charley Boy. The news came as a shock. The perpetual grin had vanished from Burt's face. His eyes were hard and worried. Ralph made a move as if to leave but changed his mind to stay until he had heard the whole story. Lefty Thomson grabbed Charley Boy by the shoulders.

"Why did he do it, Charley Boy? Why did he do it?"

Lefty's face was flushed.

Charley Boy had never seen these men act like this before. He tried to sound unconcerned as he told his story. The hell of it was though that everyone else did seem concerned. Charley Boy couldn't understand. Why all the concern for a jerk like Henry Keeler?

The story Charley Boy had to tell was a simple one, but he had all the inside dope. Charley Boy was a good one at getting the inside dope.

It seemed that Keeler just didn't get this poker business too well. He had been steadily losing a little to the boys here in the garage every Saturday for a long time now. Not much. Just enough to get the wife's suspicions up. When she got affer him about it, Keeler thought up a swell scheme. Some night when he knew he was lucky he would go over to Case City and really get in a game. Keeler could feel when he was lucky. He would get in a game



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"Frankly, I'm worried! He says they all look just like ink blots to him."

with the big boys-the ones who had the money in this racket. He would win. He would buy his wife a nice coat. That would explain where his money had gone. He had been secretly saving to buy her a coat. He loved her.

Last night Keeler felt lucky. He went to Case City. He got in a game. The stakes were higher than any average man could stand. The setup was ideal. The only trouble was that Henry Keeler lost.

Every turn of the cards was a new disaster. Henry grew desperate. He wrote a note on his farm. It was all so unbelievable. Keeler could never have dreamed of this happening to him.

Keeler soon lost everything. He left Case City a stricken man. What should he do? Refuse to pay the gambling debt? The Case City fellows would collect. Keeler knew they would collect. There was only one solution to the situation for a sucker like Keeler. He shot himself.

Charley Boy was the center of the stage. He was grinning from ear to ear. Burt was glaring across the table at him. Everybody was silent for a second. Burt spoke up in a

"Pretty good story, Charley Boy. You really enjoyed it, didn't you." "I thought it was pretty good." Burt stretched himself up by push-

ing his arms down on the table. He glared at Charley Boy, He reached his arm across the table as if stretching for a can of beer. His arm struck Charley Boy across the face with a mighty thud.

"Get out of here, you little rat." Charley Boy got out. "What a bunch of prunes," he thought. "Not a one of them with a bit of guts. Get right squeamish over a thing like that. As if somebody doesn't die every day."

Charley Boy headed down the railroad track. He had heard a bunch of real guys hung out in a little joint near the abandoned railroad yard.

LONG UPON THE EARTH

(Continued from page thirteen) same time, and it was the first time in years that they had all been within a hundred miles of each other. Every summer those from New York spent several weeks at our house and at Aunt Maggie's. That way, they could have a vacation in the mountains without paying room and board. They didn't have to pay for entertainment, either. They seemed to get enough fun from

laughing at the "quaint" ways of the natives of our little community, and from complaining about the inadequacies of living fifteen miles from a motion-picture theater. We didn't tell them so, but the natives rather enjoyed their visits, too, Usually, Otto and Antoinette, from Queens, came in July; Kurt and Rita, from the Bronx, came the first two weeks in August, and Minna and Al, from Brooklyn, came the last two weeks in August. Rosa and Gordon, from South Carolina. visited whenever they wished. This August, though, they had all descended upon us at once, "like a herd of wild Mongolians," Mother said. Mother had never trusted New Yorkers and South Carolinians, anyway. Besides, she thought that a Mongolian was some sort of ante-

Aunt Rosa, Father's brother, Gordon's wife, was the family-circle, keep - the - home - fires - burning, blood-is-thicker-than-water type of woman. Aunt Rosa never forgot a birthday or an anniversary, and never let anyone else forget one. When Aunt Rosa learned that the entire family was in the general vicinity of Western North Carolina. she called a wholesale reunion at Aunt Maggie's home, because Aunt Maggie lived in the biggest, whitest farmhouse in the country, with a huge, shady front yard, nine children, and Grandmother Martha.

Aunt Maggie was all puffed up like a tree-toad because Aunt Rosa had forgotten to consult her about the reunion until after the plans were made. When she found that



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forty people were going to gather at her house and that it was too late to do anything about it, Aunt Maggie put on her suffering-in-silence expression and decided to endure it all in the spirit of Congregational Holiness martyrdom.

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She managed to endure it. After the dinner, about two dozen assorted cousins took all the available cars and drove to the lake for swimming. I started to go with them, but I saw Grandmother Martha sitting by herself in her wheelchair on the side porch. All the grown-ups had gathered their rockers together under an oak in the front vard. Grandmother looked so alone that I turned around and went to her. Furthermore, I preferred her to a swim, a fight, or a wiener-roast any day. She was interesting, and she could tell the best true stories. Usually the stories were about Holland and once in a while they would be about the farm she and her husband had lived on, in Tennessee, when they were first married. Those stories included mountain lions.

Grandmother had lived a lot more than all her fourteen children put together, even though they did pretend to be so sophisticated, and even though the six that still lived were ashamed of her for her odd speech and her old-fashioned, for-

eign customs. Because of the things she had told me, I thought of Grandmother three different ways. First I thought of her as Marta Kanaster, living in Amsterdam, a laughing, dancing, dark-haired girl. Them I thought of her as "Martha" wife of a brutal, red-haired German farmer in the mountains of Tennessee. Last, she was Grandmother Martha, a broken, bent old woman in a wheelchair-subdued, patient, wise, yet with a hint of gaiety in the sparkle of her eyes when she talked in her broken English of her girlhood in Holland, and a lilt in her soft voice when she sang the Dutch songs she once danced to in the streets of Amster-

Sometimes I looked at Grandmother, and wondered if I would be beautiful as she, after I had lived for over seventy years. Her white hair lifted in waving wings back from her forehead; her eyes were black and piercing under her perfectly-arched brows. Her face was wrinkled, and her nose and chin nearly touched, but still I thought that she was beautiful. It was strange that I was the only one of her children or grandchildren to think so, except my father. The others had probably been to busy trying to keep her in the background to find out how interesting she could really be.

Today, was as good a time as any, I thought, for all those people out in the front yard to find out what they had been missing all these years.

"Grandma," I said, "do you want me to wheel you out into the yard?"

"No. No. They do not need me out there. Your Aunt Maggie thinks old people and children should be seen and not heard."

"If Father is out there, it will be all right. Grandma, you ought to go out there. They've got to be glad to have you. If they aren't their days won't be long upon the earth."

I halfway hoped that their days wouldn't be long upon the earth—loud, brittle people, always laughing at things that weren't funny, always talking out loud and outdoors about things that should be whispered about in the bathroom.

Grandmother smiled at my Sunday School expression. I wanted to catch her smile and hold it against her face. I thought over a lot of things that I might say to keep the smile there. She smiled so rarely, and when she did it was like lighting the candles on a birthday cake. I always had the feeling that only part of the candles were lighted.

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There were some that wouldn't light, or else they had burned out long before.

Since she didn't say anything else, I assumed that it would be all right to bring her out to join her children. They were sitting in a circle, talking excitedly about something. Whatever it was, it required much hand-waving and shoulder-shrugging. They always talked that way, all except my father, and he wasn't there.

"Where's Father?" I demanded. Nobody paid any attention to me.

I jabbed a finger into Aunt Maggie's ribs. "Where's Father?" Aunt Maggie was fat, red-faced, and sweating.

"He's lying down in the livingroom. He's tired. Don't bother him," Mother answered. Mother was sitting across from Aunt Maggie, watching her, waiting for her to be polite enough to notice me.

I decided not to go after Father, although I did wish that he was there. Father stood up for Grandmother and me when he was around. He had been very sick, however, and he had just returned

from a veteran's hospital, and we didn't want to bother him with our problems. He had enough trouble without getting into any cuss-fights.

I walked over to the long dinnertable underneath the trees. It was still covered with the remnants of the dinner. I poured a glass of tea, brought it to Grandmother, and sat on the grass beside her wheel-chair and rested my head against her knee.

"That child tags after her grandmother like a little dog." Rita could not go five minutes without saying something smart.

While I was glaring at Rita, Aunt Maggie sighed, "Only when she is visiting over here. The rest of the time I have to wait on Mama, hand and foot, day in and day out, without a speck of help from any-body, without even a word of thanks from anybody."

And that was where the argument started. All the women started talking at once—explanations, reasons, excuses. Their husbands sat still and looked ashamed.

Aunt Rosa was first: "Maggie, you know I've told you over and over—with my poor health, and with all the club work I have to do —I don't see how you can possibly expect—"

Then Minna: "We have such a small apartment—hardly enough room for the two of us—and Al and myself are away all day—"

Antoinette interrupted: "Otto and I haven't been married long enough to get accustomed to one another, yet, and it wouldn't be fair to have his mother move in with us. Besides, Otto's ward boss doesn't like foreigners, and if she would hear the way she talks—such a funya accent she's got—where would my Otto be?" Antoinette and Otto had been married a year. Antoinette was from Newark and her parents were from Warsaw. Her mother had not learned to speak English.

Rita, the sophisticate, made no pretense about the way she felt. "Of course, you would never suggest that I should take Kurt's mother. She could never be happy with us She disapproves of me enough, as it is."

This is the way they talked one right after the other and all together. I was watching Mother, and praying a little, silently.

Mother now's your chance. Please. Please say it. You know how Father and I want her to live with us. All we need is for you to say yes. Please. Your mother lives with us, and two grandmothers wouldn't do any harm. We have room. All you have to do, Mother, is tell these old hens to shut up.



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r lives nothers have fother, nut up. The others yelled at each other, but Mother never said a word. She looked ashamed. Once or twice she started to say something, but changed her mind. Each time she did I felt a little stab of hope. I crossed my fingers, toes, and eyes, and kept on praying.

"Lord, let Mother say that she wants Grandmother to live with us. Lord, please. I'll be good. Lord, I'll stop stealing eggs if mother will ask Grandmother to come live with us."

It was no use. Mother just sat there with that closed-up expression on her face. I tried to understand how Mother felt. I had heard her say over and over that it wasn't her place to keep Grandmother, one of her own daughters should keep her. Our house was too small and besides, Mother had her hands full with her own mother. I tried to understand, but somehow I ached all over with a worse ache than a stone-bruised heel.

I was too numb to move. They



were acting as if Grandmother and I weren't even there. I wanted to look at Grandmother, but I was too hurt and ashamed to raise my head. I hoped that she had that far-away look in her eyes that she sometimes had—the look that meant that it didn't matter what people were saying, she wasn't listening anyway. The voices of the women went on and on, while I sat there, tied into a miserable knot.

I felt a light touch on my hair, like a butterfly's settling. I lifted my head and looked at Grandmother.

She was hearing every word. Her wrinkled, brown old hands fluttered helplessly, like wounded birds, from her lap to her mouth to the arms of her chair, then back again. She pressed her hands to her chin, to stop its trembling. Her lips folded and unfolded. Her eyes peered out, desperate, dark, wide with shock and hurt. Maybe they thought that because she talked so slowly and in such halting English that she couldn't understand what they were saying in their hard, rapid voices. They were wrong. She was hearing every word, and it was killing her.

She saw me looking at her. "Take me back to the porch," she whispered. Only then could I move.

Back at the porch, she continued making the fluttering movements with her hands. Her face moved pathetically, but she never spoke. If she would only say something! If she would only speak or scream or cry, or do something.

I sank to the floor, put my arms about her legs, and cried like a three-year-old.

"I'll tell Father, that's what I'll do," I threatened between sniffs. "Father doesn't know they treat you like this. He's not afraid of Aunt Maggie. Father strung Germans

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from every tree in France and he'll fix her too. I'll tell Father, and he'll fix it so you can come and live with us."

"No, you must not tell your father. Even if he should fix it', as you say, I would not go to live with you."

"Why not?"

"Because your mother would not want me, either. It is is not good to have two mothers-in-law under the same roof. I am well, where I am. Maggie is my daughter, and she reagly does not mind keeping me. She likes to talk for the sympathy."

I knew better, but there was nothing I could do, except cry louder. "I'm sorry I took you out there," I wailed.

"You must not cry so," Grandmother said. "Did I ever tell you about the street dances we used to have in Amsterdam?"

"Yes," I said belligerently. What did she think I was, a baby, to stop crying at the promise of a story?

"But I did not tell you how the tulip-fields look in April," she insisted.

That one I hadn't heard. I didn't answer, but I settled down to a few

wet gulps as Grandmother talked. She talked about tulips in April, when they bloomed red and purple and pink and yellow against the sparkling waters of the canals. "Like a rainbow lying flat, the fields in April," she said. She told how windmill blades flashed in the sun, and how wooden shoes clopped on the dike-roads. I forgot to cry as I listened to her clear, liquid voice, as it told of Amsterdam in the days when Marta Kanaster tied a red ribbon in her dark curls and danced on a roped-off cobblestoned street. I pressed my face to my grandmother's shoes; they felt damply cool, perhaps like dikestones. I shut my eyes and tried to imagine that they were there.

In the rhythmic voice, like music after dark, Grandmother taught me a new song.

"My mother and my father went a-journeying to the fair,

Ach! Ja! Ach! Ja!

Though they hadn't any money, they were rich as any there,

Ach! Ja! Ach! Ja!"

Grandmother must have talked



for hours. Sometimes she wandered from English into German, then back again, but I never noticed the changes. Somehow I more than halfunderstood what she was saying, no matter which language she used.

In the gathering dusk, I looked again at my grandmother, and saw more clearly than I had ever seen anyone before in my ten years of life. She was old, and bent, and in a wheelchair, but she was not broken. Her nose came close to her chin, and her face was wrinkled like a prune, but she sparkled, like tulips beside canals, when the sun is shining.

Father came out to the porch. "It's time to go home, Sis. Mama, you are going to spend the night with us. Maggie has a full house tonight."

I rejoiced that Grandmother was going home with us, but I hugged closer another joy—one that seemingly came from nowhere and that I could not explain. All I knew was that Grandmother and I had won some kind of victory. Grandmother, years ago; I, today. All the way home, my grandmother and I sang under our breaths:

"Though they hadn't any money, they were rich as any there. Ach! Ja! Ach! Ja!"

DEACS WHO ARE DOGS

(Continued from page seventeen) to tell shaggy dog stories. An honorary member of the Monogram Club, Theo has been able to keep his four-footed friends well informed as



to what is happening in the world of sports. Keenly interested in fire prevention, Theo has launched a campaign for bigger and better fire plugs. On one occasion Theo took over part of the schedule of Ted Snuggs and attended a Shakespeare class. The lecture that day was on A Midsummer Night's Dream, and Theo promptly went to sleep. On one of his appearances as a public speaker he bounded up before the Chapel Committee and made a moving plea for compulsory chapel attendance for dogs. "Why shouldn't we be compelled to attend Chapel?" he growled. "Isn't everyone else?" That speech got Theo in the doghouse for a few days. He complained that the food there was not as good as that at the Hen House. "And that's the truth, or I'm an eggsucking dog," he declared. That Theo's a wag, all right.

Buddy Anderson was listed as a



BDOC (Big Dog on the Campus) because of his faithful and untiring work as liaison agent between dog groups of the uptown district and those on the campus proper. He has long been recognized as the leader in Wake Forest's political dogdom, a power which he maintains through his perennial election to the presidency of the Young Republican Club. His method of operation is somewhat obscure, but on election day his followers show up at the polls without fail. It is rumored that he buys votes by passing out great quantities of dog biscuits, but this charge has never been substantiated. Buddy's sleek, black hair has given rise to the impression that he is the leader of an underworld gang. It is true that he runs in the company of muzzle loaders, but he's not a mobster. He just happens to have a social conscience.

Also collared by Who's Who was Beauty Bridger, who has been a bulwark in the Education Department. At present Beauty is keenly interested in the Psychology of Education and is using it in the education of Psychoogy, a mill village dog. Beauty seldom runs with the pack. As a matter of fact, Beauty is seldom seen on the Wake Forest campus. He is more interested in touring the outer extremities of the town, giving illiterate dogs the benefit of his knowledge. He is what you might call a missionary dog, and he feels that he is gaining valuable experience by mingling with dumb animals. Interviewed after his election to Who's Who Beauty confided that "I've been feeling terrible lately. There's something wrong with my nose. I don't smell very good."

Spike Taylor, now in Law School, was another Who's Who selection. He has been a citizen of Wake Forest only a short time, being what you might call a transfer, but he has rendered much valuable service to the college. He was chosen on the basis of his interest in canine law. It has been said that he never misses a Law School class, which is more than has been said of the usual run of law students. A veteran of the last war, Spike is tied up somehow with the G. I. Bill. In attitude Spike is closely akin to Ted Snuggs. He spends very little time whining over local politics or chasing rabbits. After all, he has his cases to brief. Asked whether he really expects to pass the bar in August Spike opined that "there are a lot of dirty dogs practicing law right now. I don't see why an honest dog shouldn't have a

Then there is Scoop Clark, who was chosen for his outstanding lead-ership in the field of publications. His stirring editorials, written mostly while he was askep on the sofa in the business manager's office, were enough to make the hair stand



"Replace that divot, Slim, the oil'll spoil the grass."

straight up on a dog's back. Scoop contributed greatly to the atmosphere in the Old Gold office. While most of his activity has been in the medium newspaper medium, he essayed to paw over other publications once in a while. But mostly he just slept and wrote editorials. Who's



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The American Kennel Club has announced that this selection for a canine Who's Who will be an annual event. An unofficial but usually authoritative source said that next year some students may be tapped for membership, too.

A SALAAM A DAY

(Continued from page fourteen) glad to get back to his Latin classes. from which he has been on leave for a vear.

In Wake Forest recently between his tours to visit Shrine Temples, Potentate Poteat displayed a room full of gifts, honorary memberships and other honors that have come his way as a result of his being the top Shriner of North America. He has been made an honorary Kentucky Colonel, an Admiral in the Navy of the Great State of Nebraska, honorary Chief of Police of Macon, Georgia and an Indian Chief.

The tribe of Wausaukan Indians in Madison, Wisconsin, took in the Latin scholar as Chief-Pote-of-Many Letters. At the tribal ceremony Dr. Poteat was proffered a two-foot peace pipe, and, an old hand with pipes of all descriptions, he took a huge puff and passed it dians themselves had difficulty cononly took tiny pulls.

A pipe is one of the gifts the Imperial Potentate cherishes most highly. It is a meerschaum, and the delicate bowl is set in a carefullydetailed carving of a lion's head. Dr. Poteat fondled it lovingly and remarked. "I don't think I'll ever smoke it." But he probably will.

Dr. Poteat has a whole trunk full of other miscellaneous items-a statuette of a horse, from Kentucky, of course: an honorary membership in a New England temple, carved in granite, and an honorary membership in a Canadian Temple, encased in white lambskin. On the walls of his home are several oil paintings he has collected in his travels.

One drawback of being honored with membership in so many organizations already has come Dr. Poteat's way, however. While he was in Wake Forest he was honored with a dun for a contribution to one of the outfits. He tossed the bill in the trunk with the rest of the loot. "Someday I'll drag all this stuff out and look at it," he said. "I haven't got time now."

When the Shrine chief last stopped in Wake Forest for a brief rest, he had made official visitations to 87

along without flinching. The Introlling their coughing, and they

The fog Comes On little cat feet As you sit for a test And sits On silent haunches Hovering over every desk And then moves on-Only sometimes it doesn't. the flatiron

Forgive Us, Carl



of the Shrine's 162 temples. He had visited the remote Philae Temple at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and most of the Shrine Centers in Canada. He had covered New England, much of the Eastern Seaboard and Northwestern United States. His current tour is taking him through the Midwest, but an unscheduled visit to a Brooklyn, N. Y., hospital, where he also was the center of attention, ruled out a jaunt that would have taken him south to Mexico.

Dr. Poteat figured he had spoken before about half of the Shrine's 630,000 members.

A typical visitation begins usually with an official escort party which may meet the Imperial Potentate many miles away from the city to be honored. In the center of a long motorcade, sometimes heralded by the sirens of a police escort Dr. Poteat sweeps into a Shrine oasis.

This welcoming ritual often takes a strange twist. On the outskirts of Reno, Nevada, Dr. Poteat was met by a covered wagon drawn by "two of the skinniest, measliest oxen I ever saw." On the buckboard seat of the covered wagon, Dr. Hubert entered Reno much like a Roman general celebrating his triumph.

Generally an official breakfast is the first order of the day, and during the morning Dr. Poteat and the divan of the temple traffic with newspapermen and photographers. By then it is time for the ceremonial luncheon, at which Dr. Poteat, who has been potentating all morn-



"There goes old blabbermouth, now the whole neighborhood'll know."

ing, is expected to make a short address.

Occasionally he is farmed out to a civic club luncheon. He must be ready to speak at the drop of a hat at such affairs, because his reputation as an orator has preceded him all over the country.

The demand for speeches is one part of his job that Dr. Poteat has found most taxing. "A day of classes can be very strenuous," Dr. Poteat observed, "but it's nothing to this round of speech-making on a tour. It leaves me completely exhausted, much more so than a day of lectures." To one who has seen Dr. Poteat make a speech, that is understandable, because Dr. Poteat orates not only with his powerful voice but with numerous contortions of his face and the emphasis of his whole body. When he makes a speech, his listeners know they've heard one.

Sandwiched in with these official pronouncements are numerous outside engagements. On tour he has spoken at more than 35 churches of all denomination, many of them the pastorates of Wake Forest graduates. And many Wake Forest alumni who aren't Shriners have traveled for miles to get a glimpse of the Imperial Potentate in his red

In the afternoon there is generally a Shrine parade in honor of the Potentate, and when the Shrine parades there is nothing left to the imagination. The Shrine is known as "the playground of Masonry," and it is in the parade that Shriners cavort at their best. They have oriental bands, drum and bugle corps, chanters, an outer guard, a wrecking crew, an Arab patrol and a wide assortment of clowns, baton experts and gay floats. Each parade unit is clad in a distinctive costume of brilliant colors, and flashing along a thronged street, a Shrine parade is a spectacle easily remembered.

It is at the head of such a parade that Dr. Poteat rides on most afternoons. He has a ready explanation for the Shriner's love of parades. "It's the actor in every man. In a



parade he gets a chance to strut around and say, 'Here, everybody! Look at me'!'

Each evening there is a grand banquet, followed by a mass meeting of Shriners at the mosque. They pour in by thousands, and it is to them that Dr. Poteat must make his principal address. Consistently he has plugged for awakened interest in the Shrine Crippled Children's Hospitals, and he has proposed that assessments be trebled in order that the hospitals might be supported more adequately. Perhaps more than any other Imperial Potentate, Dr. Poteat has emphasized this cardinal purpose of the Shrine.

Occasionally on tour Dr. Poteat gets a day or two of rest, but inevitably there comes the escort from the next city, and he is off on another whirl. There is seldom a moment for relaxation or meditation. There is never a time for let-

down. Always he is the Imperial Potentate, number one in the public eye and he can't disappoint his subjects.

One difficulty Dr. Poteat has had little trouble in surmounting. His reputation as a classical scholar has frightened many local officials, and when they come to meet him they don't know exactly what to expect. Often they fear that they'll be subjected to a round of pedantry. But the man who shouts out "biddy brain" at his faltering students soon allays all their fears with some such scholarly passage as "the good times we've had before ain't nothing to the one we're gonna have now." Then the official greeters' throw away their Latin phrase books and happiness reigns once more in Shrinedom.

In July, peace and tranquillity will return once more to the Poteat home on Faculty Avenue, because in July Dr. Poteat hands the reigns of the Shrine over to his successor. The Imperial Council Session will be held in New York, and one of its features will be a mammoth parade down Fifth Avenue. When it is over Dr. Hubert can do something he's been waiting a year to do.

He can sink down in his chair and say, "Whew!"



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